

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND **Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.**

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Matilda; a Tale of the Day. 12mo. pp. 379.
London. Colburn.

THERE is a considerable degree of both pathos and interest in the progress of this tale; but the author's great forte seems to be light sketches of those scenes in the great world which seem drawn from life. His playful delineations this way are much more successful than his touches of vulgar humour; the one is as it were drawn from real observation, the other from overcharged caricature. The following few pages are a fair specimen of the writer's talent, and will, we think, verify what we have said of his amusing and sketchy pencil:

"It was early in the month of July, when that most valuable department of the daily press, which is headed 'Fashionable Arrangements,' contained, among many other pieces of information, which, however intrinsically important, would not be so interesting to my readers, the two following paragraphs:—

"'Lord Ormsby (late the Honourable Augustus Arthingford,) is arrived at Mivart's Hotel, after an absence of two years on the continent.'

"'Lord and Lady Eatington will this day entertain a distinguished party at their splendid mansion in Grosvenor Square.'

"That intelligence of this description should have attracted every eye, is not to be wondered at, when it is recollected, that, as the advance of the season had diminished the number of these events, the type in which they were announced had proportionably increased in size and importance; and many an absent fair one, who had been prematurely hurried from chalked floors to green fields, had now no other resource than to make that a distant study which was no longer a present pleasure. But be this as it may, a little before eight, on the day above mentioned, the first carriage was heard to come clattering up South Audley-street, containing Lord George Darford and Henry Penryn; two youths, most comprehensively described as 'Young men about town.'—'Very unlucky, my father wanting the carriage afterwards,' said Lord George.—'I do so hate to be early. The half-hour introduction to a dinner, like the preface to a book, should always be skipped.'

"'One might know one was too early, the fellow drives so fast,' said Mr. Penryn, as they swung round the last corner, at the risk of annihilating a pensive nursery-maid, and all her 'pretty ones, at one fell swoop.'

"'I wonder who we shall have at the Eatingtons?' continued he; 'they have been too much in the Piccadilly line this year.'

"'Yes,' said Lord George, 'and that's another bore in being early; for your human lion is not like his royal brother—the liveliest before he's fed.'

"Stopping at the door at this moment, the length of time that elapsed before the thundering announcement of their arrival produced its (usually instantaneous) effect, seemed to confirm their apprehensions as to the flagrant punctuality of their arrival; and the tardy appearance of one liveried lackey alone, in red waistcoat and white apron, verified their worst fears. Many

a felon has ascended the fatal ladder with less appearance of shame and contrition, than was painted in the countenances of these unhappy 'young men about town,' as they ascended the carpeted stairs,—about to expiate the offence of such unnatural prematurity of arrival; and the deserts of Arabia would hardly have appeared more awful in their eyes, than did the solitude of the drawing-room, where they found themselves—literally first. Silence succeeded the shutting of the door, which was at length broken by Lord George; whilst, by the help of the pier glass, with his right hand, he arranged his flattened locks; and, with his left, quelled the first symptoms of insurrection in his neck-cloth.

"'At least, we shall hear the lions all announced—we shall know who the inmates of the menagerie are to be to-day.' Hardly had this consolation been suggested, when the door was opened, not by the regular officer, the groom of the chambers, who scorned to be a party to so untimely an arrival, but by a mumbling footman, who muttered something that was meant to be a name, and disappeared; having ushered in a young man, dressed in deep mourning. Our two friends regarded him with an unacknowledging stare, which the stranger repaid in kind, as he passed to a sofa at the further extremity of the room, and unconcernedly occupied himself with a newspaper; whilst the two youths remained in the window-place, where they had nestled themselves from a sense of solitude.

"In any other civilized country in the world, gentlemen thus accidentally meeting, if they did not, like the lady in the *Afti-Jacobin*, 'vow an eternal friendship,' would at least, from the circumstance of meeting in the house of a common friend, have been admitted to the local rank of acquaintances, and received the regular brevet allowance of nods, smiles, &c. But here we are more afraid of being involved in a bow than in a bad bet—of being obliged to acknowledge an acquaintance than a bill—and the most persevering dun is not so embarrassing as the face which, one is obliged to own, has acquired a legal title to a nod, from our having been incautious enough to incur acquaintanceship with the owner.

"There was something in the air and manner of the stranger, which it was impossible for the most unobservant not to remark as peculiarly distinguished; and from the tact which the usage of the world gives to every one in these matters, such would certainly have been the opinion of our two worthies, if their judgment had not been wilfully biassed by the conclusion which they logically deduced from having been every where, and knowing every body,—that 'him whom they did not know they ought not to know;' and they would as soon have adopted the doctrine of the Pre-adamites, as have admitted, that any one, worthy to be ranked among the elect, had existed prior to the commencement of their fashionable millennium, just two years before. Therefore, expecting from the character of the Eatingtons that the party would be rather a mixed one, Mr. Penryn whispered to Lord George,—'I think it's the new actor: to be sure this man's figure looks better; but then I only saw him in Richard the Third, with hump, and all that sort

of thing.' 'No,' said Lord George, 'I think it's the composer—what's his name?—I caught a glimpse of his head behind the piano-forte, last week, at Lady I.'s, as I squeezed half in at the door-way. You know he asks a hundred pounds a night, and the Eatingtons are famous for paying in kind;—turtle and champagne for notes—you understand.'

"'I have it, George,' retorted the other; 'look at his black coat—depend upon it, it's the Popular Preacher. I never heard him, to be sure; but I'm quite certain it's he.'

"The reader will be good enough to understand, that this colloquy was uttered chiefly to evince (to each other) the witty pleasantry of the speakers; for I would not have it supposed, that they were so ignorant of that worldly knowledge to which they even pretended, as not shrewdly to suspect, by his appearance, that the new comer was, in point of fact, one of themselves; though they had hitherto, by some unaccountable accident, happened not to have become personally acquainted with him.

"The door was now opened, and the Dowager Duchess of Dulladone and the two Lady Townlys were announced. The former situation of Lord George and his friend was bliss, compared to that in which they now found themselves; for, besides the danger of being devoured, as they would have expressed it, by the two Lady Townlys, to which their present unprotected state seemed to expose them, their misery was increased by the shame of having been convicted, by a dowager duchess and her two unmarried daughters, of having arrived before them; and the consciousness of having thereby forfeited their best claim to that admiration hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon them from that quarter: the young ladies' idea of being 'quite the thing,' consisting in nothing so much as pre-eminent unpopularity.

"The stranger bowed slightly to the duchess as she passed to his end of the room, which she answered with an inquiring curtsy,—her Grace's eye-sight, which was none of the best, being now rendered more treacherous by the darkness of the room. 'Who is it?' said she to Lord George, in a low whisper; to which he replied, 'Indeed I don't know,'—in a tone of voice *all but* imperceptibly audible. At this moment their host and hostess appeared from an inner room—Lady Eatington employed with a half-drawn-on glove—his lordship applying a half-opened pocket handkerchief to his nose; both which actions were meant to signify rather reproachfully, than apologetically, 'You have come sooner than we expected—but here we are.'

"As we have introduced our readers to their house, we shall be expected to make them acquainted with the master and mistress; but Lord and Lady Eatington were those every-day sort of people of whose characters it is almost impossible to speak in affirmatives. Perhaps the two most positive characteristics of his lordship were, that he was a receiver of rents in the country, and a giver of dinners in town. To speak negatively,—he was—no politician—no farmer—no bel esprit—no connoisseur; but the most distinguished of all these classes met at his

house, to pronounce upon the merits of one of the best cooks in Europe: in consideration of which, every one, in accepting his invitations, wrote to him---"Dear Eatington,

Your's truly,

And every one *enfiled* the crowd at Almack's, to squeeze Lady Eatington's hand when she first came to town.

"Her ladyship was naturally a very silly, and by education (so called), a very illiterate woman; but long habits of the world enabled her to conceal this; and if she was seldom as well informed as her guests, she was always as well dressed as her diners---which answered all the purpose.

"But how surprised were our young beaux, and our old duchess, to see, that whilst they themselves were casually recognised, the whole of the attention of both host and hostess was directed to the stranger! As the arrival of fresh company made the conversation less constrained, this was explained, though not to the satisfaction of Lord George and Mr. Penryn, by overhearing Lady Eatington tell the duchess, whose ears are almost as defective as her eyes, a long story, of which they caught---"Must recollect---" Augustus Arlingford---"long abroad---"supposed early disappointment---"recent death of his brother---"now Lord Ormsby---"very rich," &c.---which immediately produced from her Grace, in rather a high tone, meant to catch his lordship's ear at some distance---"Excuse my blindness, my lord---Letitia and Cecilia---Lord Ormsby---you must recollect, Mr. Arlingford, though you were then very young---quite children."

"The reflections of Lord George and Mr. Penryn, upon their half-wilful mistake, were not very consolatory, as the former fame of Augustus Arlingford occurred to them in all its pre-eminence. Lord George now recollected that, in his first conference with his tailor, he had been strongly recommended the Arlingford collar, and that a part of his dress, about which he was very particular, had been called 'Arlingford's.' Mr. Penryn, too, had a disagreeable reminiscence, that whilst still at college, he lost a rouleau, when Mr. Arlingford's coat won the Derby; and both distinctly remembered, that when they first came out, if any very well-looking young man appeared, all the oracles declared that he had 'a look of Arlingford;' and this was the man whom they had voted an awkward actor, a squab singer, or a methodist parson."

Notwithstanding the fashionable *characteristicity* of this quotation; we may remark that this is a work which will not fail to excite a certain degree of attention apart from any that may be due to its literary merits, or its interest as a story; though this attention will probably be not exactly that which its author would either claim or anticipate for it. In the first place, he holds it forth in the Preface as *not* a novel: though whether he would have us accept it as *more* than a novel, or as *less*, is what we cannot very well understand. At all events, we can venture to assure him that it is among novel readers chiefly, if not wholly, that he must look for its success. In fact, like all the works of a similar nature, which hope for popularity in the present day, it either is, or would be thought to be "founded on facts;" this somewhat unnatural mixture of opposites being essential to the over-excited appetites of the present race of readers. There is scarcely a single work of amusement of the day which has become decidedly popular, whether in prose or verse, which has not answered to this description: not even "Tremaine;" which assuredly would not have been read so much as it has been, and continues to be, unless there had been reason to suppose that it was founded on

facts. Having mentioned Tremaine, we may add that another, and perhaps the principal claim which the work before us puts in to public attention, is the circumstance of its being written, like that admirable work, by a person actually moving in the higher classes of life, where his scenes are laid: for that Matilda is written by such a person, its internal evidence will not permit us to doubt.

With respect to the intrinsic qualities of this little work, though not first-rate, they are such as will, perhaps, enable it to effect more than its author seems to hope, when he modestly offers it as a means of beguiling the tediousness of a day's journey into the country at this migratory season, or of a rainy evening when you arrive there. It is written throughout with considerable ease, and luckily not that kind of ease which is said to engender its opposite in the reading; and some parts of it exhibit much shrewdness of observation, and liveliness of remark and illustration. We will not destroy the interest of the story by anticipation; but only add our favourable opinion of a work which shows much talent for playful satire, as well as for pathetic interest.

The example held up to deter married ladies from infidelity is, perhaps, rather seductive than what the author meant it to be, as a moral lesson; but upon the whole, the degree of piquancy and acquaintance with *life* which are found in the volume, will probably cause it to be more read than similar productions of higher pretence.

Notes to Assist the Memory in Various Sciences.
12mo. pp. 277. London, 1825. J. Murray.

This volume of excellent memoranda hardly merits its title. The author tells us, the Notes were originally collected to assist a most stubborn and capricious memory, and in an individual instance, they might be available in that way; but generally to consult them with advantage, would require a tact as capricious and extraordinary. They are nevertheless arranged with tolerable regularity under various heads, such as Astronomy, Metaphysics, Electricity, Political Economy, Geography, Botany, Chemistry, Agriculture, Geology, Fine Arts, Literature, &c. &c., and under every head we have a really valuable and pithy collection of useful information. To demonstrate this a few examples would suffice; and if we extend them, it is only in the hope of affording some pleasure to more than nine-tenths of our readers. In our last Gazette, we alluded to Herschel's opinion on the subject of excessive heat as connected with the solar spots, and so feelingly appreciated during the late oppressive weather:---The following Notes under the article Chemistry may be *addenda* of the same subject.

"*Daily Heat.*---The mean of the thermometer, at ten o'clock A. M. and ten P. M., gives the most correct average of the result of the day.

"*Extreme Heat of the Air.*---We may conclude, from some experiments of Humboldt's, that the air of the atmosphere, although perfectly stagnant, could in no possible circumstances be heated above 140°, and this only within three feet of the ground. On the west coast of Africa, the thermometer is said to rise to 130° in the sun; a thermometer placed in the sand at Magpures, rose to 140° Fahrenheit.

"*Notes in the Sun-beam.*---If the temperature of a metallic stove for heating a room be raised much higher than 500° Fahrenheit, the animal and vegetable matter, which is found mechanically mixed at all times with the air, will be decomposed, and certain elastic vapours and fluids produced, of a deleterious quality, and peculiar

smell. The matter here alluded to is very visible to the naked eye in a sun-beam let into a dark room.

"*Artificial Cold.*---The greatest artificial cold that has yet been produced, was effected by the mixture of diluted sulphuric acid with snow, which sunk Fahrenheit's thermometer to minus 91°, or 123° below the freezing point.

"*Light and Motion.*---It is known by experiment, that every sudden stroke, every rapid motion, impressed on a mass of air which cannot yield with sufficient quickness, excites in it a degree of light.

"*ASTRONOMY.*---*Great Weight of the Solar Inhabitants.*---As the diameter of the sun (883,000 miles) is 111 times greater than that of the earth, a body at its surface would fall through 450 feet in a second of time; so that if there be any human inhabitants residing there, each individual of moderate size must weigh at least two tons."

At the end of this branch (Astronomy) it is philosophically observed,

"It is probable that the structure of the external portion of our planet, exposed to observation by various circumstances, does not extend four or five miles; yet the variation of the magnetic needle, however, would lead us to infer that it is not an inert mass, but rather a well constructed machine in which regular processes are taking place, conducive to its own stability and future renovation."

Under the head of STATISTICS the following, from many curious entries, may be selected:

"*Three per Cent. Consols.*---This stock was at the highest in June, 1757: viz. . . . 107
And at the lowest in June, 1797: viz. . . . 47½
In 1792 it was 96
In April, 1824 96½

"*East India Stock.*---The proprietors of East India Stock consist of about 3000 persons. Those whose stock does not amount to 1000*l.* are not allowed to vote, that amount being a qualification for one vote. 3000*l.* stock qualifies for two votes; 6000*l.* stock for three votes; and 10,000*l.* stock or upwards for four votes. In 1810, according to the existing list, 1662 were qualified to give single votes; 326, double votes; 84, triple votes; and 51, quadruple votes. The total number of votes, therefore, was 2770; but as many proprietors are absent from England, and others do not attend, more than 1900 have never voted, and indeed that number may be considered as a maximum.

"*Attorneys, 1822.*---Total number of attorneys in London 1800
Ditto ditto in the country 2400
--- 4200

Total number of barristers in England, about 900

"*Drury-lane Theatre.*---The boxes in the new Drury-lane Theatre will hold 1200 individuals; the pit, 850; the lower gallery, 460; the upper gallery, 280; in all, 2810 persons can be accommodated."

Under the head WAR, we are reminded of "giving quarter," that "this phrase originates from an agreement between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of an officer or soldier should be a quarter of his pay. Hence to beg quarter, was to offer a quarter of their pay for their safety, and to refuse quarter was not to accept that composition as a ransom."

Under CHEMISTRY we find---

"*Animal Heat.*---It is probable that all organized beings, vegetable as well as animal, possess an inherent power of generating cold or heat according to circumstances."

As this is a prevalent Soda-water drinking time, we add the remarks on that preparation.

"Soda water, prepared in the best manner, ought to contain a very small portion of carbonate of soda, which has a tendency to correct acidity in the stomach. It should also contain about eight times its own bulk of carbonic acid gas, which is generated in the gazometer from chalk and diluted sulphuric acid. Much that is sold under the name of soda water, contains scarcely any soda, being merely water impregnated with carbonic acid gas by means of a forcing pump, and consequently liable to be contaminated by copper, zinc, or lead, according to the vessels in which the condensation is carried on.

"A pleasant saline draught is made by dissolving thirty grains of carbonate of soda or potash, and twenty grains of citric acid (acid of lemons) in two separate glasses, mixing them, and then drinking them in a state of effervescence.

"Soda itself, named also mineral alkali, barilla, or kelp. Pure soda is named carbonate of soda. It is the basis of common salt.

The properties of soda are very similar to those of potash, with this remarkable difference, that with soda, oils form a hard soap, while potash forms a soft one. Both are used for the manufacture of soap and glass."

"The Metals.—The metals are forty-two in number, and weigh, compared with water taken as 1: viz.

Platinum . . . 21	Silver . . . 10.30
Gold . . . 19.30	Sodium . . . 0.972
Mercury . . . 13.50	Potassium . . . 0.865

Platinum is the heaviest body in nature."

Leaving Chemistry, for "Law and Politics," it is stated, oddly enough—

"No new Sovereign in May.—It is remarkable that among the thirty-two sovereigns who have sat on the English throne since William the Conqueror, although each of the eleven months has witnessed the accession of one or more, the month of May has not been so fortunate, none having ascended the throne within its limits."

Did the author forget that if poor May has been so unfortunate as to give us no sovereigns, it has been equally fortunate in losing us none? Nay, that it is happier than the rest of the months in its 29th day, when we wear royal oak, and thank it for a Restoration. Under the same division comes, capriciously enough—

"Ferintosh Whiskey.—The word Ferintosh signifies Thane's land, it having been part of the Thanedom of Cawdor, (Macbeth's) or Calder.

"The barony of Ferintosh belonged to the Forbes's of Culloden, and contained about 1800 arable acres. All barley produced on this estate was privileged to be converted into whiskey, duty free; the natural consequence of which was, that more whiskey was distilled in Ferintosh than in all the rest of Scotland. In 1784, government made a sort of compulsory purchase of this privilege from the Culloden family, after they had enjoyed it a complete century. The sum paid was 21,500*l*.

"The Tread-Mills, and Millbank Penitentiary. —At Lewes, each prisoner walks at the rate of 6600 feet in ascent per day; at Ipswich, 7450; at St. Alban's, 8000; at Bury, 8950; at Cambridge, 10,175; at Durham, 12,000; at Brixton, Guildford, and Reading, the summer rate exceeds 13,000; while at Warwick, the summer rate will be 17,000 feet in ten hours.

"In the spring of 1823, Millbank Penitentiary contained 869 prisoners; the officers and their families amounted to 105. Total within the walls, 975 persons.

"Punishment.—The law commonly enhances the punishment in proportion to the greatness of the circumstance, (the temptation to commit the

crime,) which apparently ought to alleviate the penalty."

It is thus that horse-stealing is at this period a more dangerous crime to commit than burglary or highway-robbery: yet there are certainly two distinct philosophical views to be taken of the subject. For our parts, considering the imperfection of human nature, and the still greater imperfection which arises out of ignorance and the negligent or erroneous cultivation of youth, we are strongly inclined to the opinion that the greatness of the temptation is a considerable apology for crime. We do not say it excuses guilt; but assuredly it is no aggravation, and the moral turpitude of taking an animal from a field has no comparison with that of stopping a person or entering a dwelling at the dead of night—both of which lead directly to extreme violence and murder. The law, to be sure, takes the greater care of less guarded property: but still there is a difference which makes us shudder at the prevalence of executions, at the present day, for stealing horses.

"ZOOLOGY.—Fecundity.—So quick is the produce of pigeons, that in the course of four years, 14,760 may come from a single pair; and in the same period of time, 1,273,840 from a pair of rabbits.

"Rapid Flight.—The rapidity with which the hawk and many other birds occasionally fly, is probably not less than at the rate of 150 miles in an hour; the common crow, 25 ditto; a swallow, 92 ditto, and the Swift three times greater. Migratory birds probably about 50 miles per hour.

"Fishes.—With respect to fishes, it is probable that a great number of species live in succession on each other, in proportion as they exceed each other in strength, voracity, and activity; their enormous reproduction being evidently destined to supply any vacancy this devouring system might otherwise occasion.

"The air-bag of some fishes soon loses its muscular power, in consequence of the air being expanded by the action of the sun, when the fish has remained too long at the surface, which it then cannot quit. Sometimes, from increased expansion, the air-bag bursts.

"The eyes of fishes are larger, in proportion to their size, than in quadrupeds, as we find the eye of the cod-fish equal in size to that of the ox.

"The tongue of fishes is very imperfectly developed.

"The extent of surface presented by the gills of a fish is very great. Dr. Mouru calculated, that the whole gills of a large skate presented a surface equal to 2250 square inches, equal to the whole external surface of the human body.

"The respirations of fishes are from 20 to 30 per minute.

"The tail is the great instrument of swimming, the fins only serving to balance the fish and keep it level.

"The age of a carp has been known to reach 200 years, and of a pike to 260 years.

"One cod-fish was found to contain 3,686,760 eggs; a flounder, 1,357,400; a herring, 36,960; a sole, 100,362.

"Gesner would persuade us that many fish sleep, but this does not seem to be the fact, for this race of animals can have no eye-brows, nor any membrane to close and cover their eyes with, as other creatures have to whom nature has allowed sleep.

"Oysters.—After the month of May, it is felony to carry away a catch (the spawn adhering to stones, old oyster-shells, &c.); and punishable to take any oysters, except those of the size of a half-crown piece, or such as, when the two shells

are shut, will admit of a shilling rattling between them.

"The liquor of the oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryo oysters, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of these in a row would extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light. The list of inhabitants, however, does not conclude here, for besides these last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worms (called the oyster-worm,) half an inch long, found in oysters, which shine in the dark like glow-worms. The sea-star, cockles, and muscles, are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell when they gape, and sucks them out.

"While the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow side downwards, but when it ebbs they turn on the other side."

"White Bait.—The young of the shad has been recently ascertained to be the little fish commonly known by the name of white bait."

"Nota bene. We do not believe this. There are many places where shad are plentiful, but where white-bait was never seen. On the contrary, this delicious little fish abounds only in particular rivers and portions of rivers,—as below Greenwich; and it would be a cruel thing to deprive the epicurean of his belief in its being a species *per se*, peculiar and sweet, merely to degrade it into the vile spawn of so vile a brute as the common shad. If any readers doubt these premises, let them proceed to Blackwall or Greenwich forthwith, where, at any of the best taverns they may be convinced that white-bait is of a superior order. Should they indulge in the experiment too far, and induce symptoms of apoplexy, they will learn from the next head, "Entomology," of and concerning a cure.

"The Leech.—There is no outlet to the intestinal canal discovered in the common leech; mere transpiration is all that it performs, the matter oozing through, and fixing on the surface of the body, whence it afterwards separates in small threads.

"If it be intended that the leech shall draw a large quantity of blood, the end of the tail is cut off, and it then sucks continually.

"Leeches may be frozen stiff like pieces of ice, and easily re-animated, for a leech has no heart."

"If it had a heart, it would not suck continually even in revenge for its tail being cut off; but speaking of hearts,

"The poule, the seiche, and the calmar genera of the mollusca tribe, are provided with three hearts."

And these matters bring us to "Anatomy," when we are told,

"The Stomach.—The stomach is not sensible of the weight, taste, odour, &c. of the substances received, and so far as it is concerned, we could not distinguish sugar from jalap, or wine from medicine. It is, however, the seat of feelings peculiar to itself, such as hunger, thirst, satiety, squeamishness, &c.

"Conium maculatum, hyocyamus, euphorbium, and hellebore root, are poisons to man; while the first affords wholesome food to the cow and the hare, the second to the pig, the third to the goat, and the fourth to the quail.

"A quantity of opium or arsenic that would destroy a man, may be taken with impunity by a dog, which is more affected by a dose of jalap or mix vomica. Bitter almonds are poisonous to

* The author refers us to "Bishop Spratt on Oysters," whose name entitles his authority to much credit.

dogs and to various birds, while mountain-parsley is fatal to parrots.

"Corporeal Identity.—Some have considered a change of corporeal identity to be effected every three, others every seven years. Letters marked on the skin, however, last during life; and there are some diseases of which the constitution is only once susceptible.

"Increase of Height at Rising.—The cartilages between the vertebrae of the backbone, 24 in number, yield considerably to the pressure of the body in an erect posture, and expand themselves during the repose of the night; hence a person is considerably taller at his rising in the morning than at night. The difference in some amounts to so much as one inch; and recruits who have passed muster for soldiers in the morning, have been rejected when re-measured at night, as below the standard."

In **"Grammar"** the subjoined curious estimate is given:

"Words.—Dr. Johnson's Dictionary contains the following, but they are by no means the whole in the English language:—Articles, 3; nouns substantive, 20,410; adjectives, 9,053; pronouns, 41; verbs, 7,880; participles, 38; participial adjectives, 125; do. nouns, 3; adverbs, 496; do. in *ly*, 2,096; prepositions, 69; conjunctions, 19; interjections, 68: total, 40,301."

We conclude with a few of the **Botanical** notes; and we think it unnecessary to add, that our opinion of this volume is extremely favourable.

"Dormant Seeds.—Crops of white clover spring up in appearance spontaneously, on the application of lime to dry heaths or barren soils; and raspberry-bushes start up where fir-woods have been burned down, though not a vestige of either could previously be discovered on the spot."

"Poisonous Plants.—Five stamina, one pistil, one petal, and the fruit of the berry kind, indicate poisonous plants.

"The calyx double, glume valved, three stamina, two pistils, and naked seed, indicate plants of a farinaceous quality, and fit for food."

"The Sleep of Plants.—The common chickweed, with white blossoms, affords a notable instance of what is called the sleep of plants; for every night the leaves approach in pairs, so as to include within their upper surface the tender rudiments of the new shoots, while the uppermost pair but one at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaf stalks than the others, so that they close on the terminating pair, and protect the end of the branch.

Rapid Maturity.—In the neighbourhood of Rio Janeiro, the common garden pea has been sown, flowered, gathered, and the haulms removed, within the short space of 21 days.

"Heaths and Roses.—It is tolerably well ascertained, that the two Americas do not produce a single heath, nor the southern hemisphere a rose."

THE TROUBADOUR. BY L. E. L.

We are not satisfied to break away from this beautiful poem in the abrupt manner which circumstances forced upon us last week: yet we are not inclined (eminently entitled as we think it is to such distinction) to transgress our usual habits by carrying our review of a single poetical volume into a third Number. We shall, therefore, very shortly notice *Cantos III. and IV.*

The former opens with a narrative of the Chivalrous War in Spain, between Christian and Moslem. Here Raymond meets Amiral, who relates his history; which is one of excessive interest. He thus describes the fatal termination of his first passion, which had driven him a reckless wanderer upon the world: as he approached his Lady's bower—

"The trees which hitherto had made
A more than night with lighten'd shade
Now let the stars and sky shine through,
Rejoicing, calm, and bright, and blue.

There did not move a leaf that night
That I cannot remember now,

Nor yet a single star whose light
Was on the royal midnight's brow:
Wander'd no cloud, sigh'd not a flower,
That is not present at this hour.

No marvel memory thus should press
Round its last light of happiness!
I paused one moment where I stood,
In all a very miser's mood,
As if that thinking of its store
Could make my bosom's treasure more.

I saw the guiding lamp which shone
From the wreathe'd lattice, pale and lone;
Another moment I was there,
To pause, and look—upon despair."

His love has been murdered; he throws a mantle over her, and departs with her infant, which having placed in his brother's charge, he returns

"With madd'ning step I sought the place,
I raised the mantle from her face,

And knelt me down beside, to gaze
On all the mockery death displays,
Until it seem'd but sleep to me.

Death,—oh, no! death it could not be.
The cold grey light the dawn had shed,
Changed gradual into melting red;

I watch'd the morning colour streak
With crimson die her marble cheek;
The freshness of the stirring air

Lifted her curls of raven hair;
Her head lay pillow'd on her arm,
Sweetly, as if with life yet warm:—

I kiss'd her lips: oh, God, the chill!
My heart is from with it still:—
It was as suddenly on me

Open'd my depths of misery.
I flung me on the ground, and raved,
And of the wind that past me craved

One breath of poison, till my blood
From lip and brow gush'd in one flood.
I watch'd the warm stream of my veins

Mix with the death wounds clotting stains;
Oh! how I pray'd that I might pour
My heart's tide, and her life restore!

And night came on:—with what dim fear
I mark'd the darkling hours appear,—
I could not gaze on the dear brow,
And seeing was all I left me now.

I grasp'd the cold hand in mine own,
Till both alike seem'd turn'd to stone.
Night, morn, and noontide pass'd away,
Then came the tokens of decay.

'Twas the third night that I had kept
My watch, and, like a child, had wept
Sorrow to sleep, and in my dream

I saw her as she once could seem,
Fair as an angel: there she bent
As if sprung from the element,
The bright clear fountain, whose pure wave

Her soft and shadowy image gave.
Methought that conscious beauty threw
Upon her cheek its own sweet hue,
Its loveliness of mingled red;

I woke, and gazed upon the dead.
I mark'd the fearful stains which now
Were dark'ning o'er the once white brow,
The livid colours that declare

The soul no longer dwelleth there.
The gaze of even my fond eye,
Seem'd almost like impiety,
As it were sin for looks to be

On what the earth alone should see.
I thought upon the loathsome doom
Of the grave's cold, corrupted gloom;—
Oh, never shall the vile worm rest

A lover on thy lip and breast!
Oh! never shall a careless tread
Soil with its step thy sacred bed!
Never shall leaf or blossom bloom

With vainest mockery o'er thy tomb!
And forth I went and rais'd a shrine
Of the dried branches of the pine,—
I laid her there, and o'er her hung

The wild flowers that around her sprung;
I tore them up, and root and all,
I bade them await her funeral,
With a strange joy that each fair thing

Should, like herself, be withering.
I lit the pyre,—the evening skies
Rain'd tears upon the sacrifice;
How did its wild and awful light

Struggle with the fierce winds of night;
Red was the battle, but in vain
His'd the hot embers with the rain.
It wasted to a single spark;

That faded, and all round was dark;
Then, like a madman who has burst
The chain which made him doubly curst,
I fled away. I may not tell

The agony that on me fell:
I fled away, for fiends were near,
My brain was fire, my heart was fear!

I was borne on an eagle's wings,
Till with the noon-sun perishing;
Then I stood in a world alone,
From which all other life was gone.

Whence warmth, and breath, and light were fled,
A world o'er which a curse was said:
The trees stood leafless all, and bare,
The sky spread, but no sun was there:

Night came, no stars were on her way,
Morn came without a look of day.—
As night and day shared one pale shroud,
Without a colour or a cloud.

And there were rivers, but they stood
Without a murmur on the flood,
Waveless and dark, their task was o'er,—
The sea lay silent on the shore,

Without a sigh upon its breast
Save of interminable rest:
And there were palaces and halls,
But allience reign'd amid their walls,

Though crowds yet fill'd them, for no sound
Rose from the thousands gather'd round;
All wore the same white bloodless hue,
All the same eyes of glassy blue,

Meaningless, cold, corpse-like as those
No gentle hand was near to close.
And all seem'd, as they look'd on me,
In wonder that I yet could be

A moving shape of warmth and breath
Alone amid a world of death.
'Tis strange how much I still retain
Of these wild tortures of my brain,

Though now they but to memory seem
A curse, a madness, and a dream."

We have quoted this passage to show that even where the fair poet enters into the lists with Chateaubriand, or the more potent author of Manfred, there is a quality of power in her writing, which entitles it to the highest admiration. The calm death of an anchoite is, within a few pages, finely contrasted with the preceding violence of emotion.

"It was one glad and glorious noon,
Fill'd with the golden air of June,

When leaf and flower look to the sun
As if his light and life were one,—
A day of those diviner days

When breath seems only given for praise,
Beneath a stately tree which shed
A cool green shadow over her head:

I listen'd to that old man's words
Till my heart's pulses were as chords
Of a lute waked at the command
Of some thrice powerful master's hand.

He paused: I saw his face was bright
With even more than morning's light,
As his cheek felt the spirit's glow;
A glory sat upon his brow,

His eye flash'd as to it were given
A vision of his coming heaven.
I turn'd away in awe and fear,
My spirit was not of his sphere;

Ill might an earthly care intrude
Upon such high and holy mood:
I felt the same as I had done,
Had angel face upon me shone,

When sudden, as sent from on high,
Music came slowly sweeping by.
It was not harp, it was not song,
Nor aught that might to earth belong!

The birds sang not, the leaves were still,
Silence was sleeping on the rill;
But with a deep and solemn sound
The viewless music swept around.

Oh never yet was such a tone
To hand or lip of mortal known!
It was as if a hymn were sent
From heaven's starry instrument,

In joy, such joy as seraphs feel
For some pure soul's immortal weal,
When that its human task is done,
Earth's trials past, and heaven won.

I felt, before I fear'd, my dread,
I turn'd and saw the old man dead!
Without a struggle or a sigh,
And is it thus the righteous die,

There he lay in the sun, calm, pale,
As if life had been like a tale
Which, whate'er its sorrows past,
Breaks off in hope and peace at last."

We know of no description of a holy death scene more lovely and touching than this: but our promise is to be brief, and we must, now content ourselves with insulating a few broken passages from the rest, and giving them as extracts distinct from the tale, under their own characters.

The pitchy colour of a subterranean water is described in a figure so bold as to remind us of the "Darkness Visible" of Milton—it was
"A stream so fierce, so dark;
Such sullen waves, the torch's glare
Fell wholly unreflected there."

The passage of the hero and his deliverer along
this gloomy water is also very fine :

"On they went
Over the grave-like element;
At first in silence, for so drear
Was all that met the eye and ear,
Before, behind, all was like night,
And the red torch's cheerless light,
Fitful and dim, but served to show
How the black waters roll'd below;
And how the cavern roof o'erhead
Seem'd like the tomb above them spread.
And ever as each heavy stroke
Of the oar upon these waters broke,
Ten thousand echoes sent the sound,
Like *omens* through the hollows round."

We now copy the picture of a *forsaken girl* :

"Who that had look'd on her that morn,
Could dream of all her heart had borne;
Her cheek was red, but who could know
'Twas flushing with the strife below?
Her eye was bright, but who could tell
It shone with tears she strove to quell;
Her voice was gay, her step was light;
And, beaming, beautiful, and bright,
It was as if life could confer
Nothing but happiness on her.
Ah! who could think that all so fair
Was semblance, and but misery there.
'Tis strange with how much power and pride
The softness is of love allied;
How much of power to force the breast
To be in outward show at rest,—
How much of pride that never eye
May look upon its agony!
Ah! little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart can feel.
But this was past, and she was now
With clasped hands prest to her brow,
And head bow'd down upon her knee,
And heart-pulse throbbing audibly,
And tears that gush'd like autumn rain,
The more for that they gush'd in vain.
Oh! why should woman ever love,
Trusting to one false star above;
And fling her little chance away
Of sunshine for its treacherous ray."

"Beside the fount they found the maid
On head bow'd down, as if she pray'd;
Her long black hair fell like a veil,
Making her pale brow yet more pale.
'Twas strange to look upon her face,
Then turn and see its shadowy trace
Within the fountain; one like stone
So cold, so colourless, so lone,—
A statue nymph, placed there to show
How far the sculptor's art could go.
The other, and that too the shade,
In light and crimson warmth array'd;
For the red glow of day declining,
Was now upon the fountain shining,
And the shape in its mirror bright
Of sparkling waves caught warmth and light.
Elvira spoke not, though so near,
Her words lay mute in their own fear:
At last she whisper'd Letitia's name,
No answer from the maiden came.
She took one cold hand in her own,
Started, and it dropp'd lifeless down!
She gazed upon the fixed eye,
And read in it mortality."

And Ungers yet that maiden's tale
A legend of the lemon vale:
They say that never from that hour
Has flourish'd there a single flower,—
The jasmine droop'd, the violets died,
Nothing grew by that fountain side,
Save the pale pining lemon trees,
And the dark weeping cypresses,—
And now when to the twilight star
The lover wakes his lone guitar,
(Or maiden bids a song impart
All that is well'd in her own heart,
The wild and mournful tale they tell
Of her who loved, alas! too well."

A ruined castle, found on return after long
absence :

"The hall was bare,
It show'd the spoiler had been there;
Even upon the very hearth
The green grass found a place of birth.
Oh, vanity! that the stone wall
May sooner than a blossom fall;
The tower in its strength may be
Laid low before the willow tree.
There stood the wood, subject to all
The autumn wind, the winter fall,—
There stood the castle which the rain
And wind had buffeted in vain,
But one in ruins stood beside
The other green in its spring pride."

"It is the very worst, the gloom
Of a deserted banquet-room,
To see the spider's web outvie
The torn and faded tapestry,—

To shudder at the cold damp air,
Then think how once were burning there
The incense vase with odour glowing,
The silver lamp its softness throwing
O'er cheeks as beautiful and bright
As roses bathed in summer light,—
How through the portals sweeping came
Proud cavalier and high-born dame,
With gems like stars 'mid raven curls,
And snow-white plumes and wreathed pearls—
Gold cups, whose lighted flames made dim
The sparkling stones around the brim;—
Soft voices answering to the lute,
The swelling harp, the sigh-waked flute,—
The glancing lightness of the dance,—
Then, starting sudden from thy trance,
Gaze round the lonely place and see
Its silence and obscurity:
Then commune with thine heart, and say
These are the foot-prints of decay,
And I, even thus shall pass away."

An aged minstrel reminds us, not unfavourably
of him the last on the Borders.

"And in the midst a harper bent
O'er his companion instrument:
'Twas an old man, his hair was grey,—
For winter tracks in snow its way,—
But yet his dark, keen eye was bright,
With somewhat of its youthful light;
Like one whose path of life had made
Its course through mingled sheen and shade,
But one whose buoyant spirit still
Pass'd lightly on through good or ill,
One reckless if borne o'er the sea
In storm or in tranquillity:
The same to him, as if content
Were his peculiar element.
'Tis strange how the heart can create
Or colour from itself its fate.
We make ourselves our own distress,
We are ourselves our happiness."

He sings to Raymond a *ballad*, which tells by
a pretty episode, the fate of her whose caprice
had formed so important an incident in his life.

"The Proud Ladye.

"Oh, what could the ladye's beauty match,
An it were not the ladye's pride;
An hundred knights from far and near
Woo'd at that ladye's side.

The rose of the summer slept on her cheek,
Its lily upon her breast,
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star
That rises the first in the west.

There were some that woo'd for her hand and gold,
And some for her noble name,
And more that woo'd for her loveliness;
But her answer was still the same.

'There is a steep and lofty wall,
Where my warders trembling stand,
He who at speed shall ride round its height,
For him shall be my hand.'

Many turn'd away from the deed,
The hope of their wooing o'er;
But many a young knight mounted the steed
He never mounted more.

At last there came a youthful knight,
From a strange and far country,
The steed that he rode was white as the foam
Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love,
Now bow'd before its might,
And the ladye grew meek as if disdain
Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first to steal his soul
By dance, song, and festival;
At length on bended knee she pray'd
He would not ride the wall.

But gaily the young knight laugh'd at her fears,
And flung him on his steed,—
There was not a saint in the calendar
That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see
If heaven had granted her prayer,
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,—
The gallant knight stood there!

And took the ladye Adeline
From her hair a jewell'd band.
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed,
Ladye, for love of thee?
The honour that guides the soldier's lance
Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,
The victors crown to wear;
But not in honour of the eyes
Of any lady there.

I had a brother whom I lost
Through thy proud cruelty,
And far more was to me his love,
Than woman's love can be.

I came to triumph o'er the pride
Through which that brother fell,
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,
And now, proud dame farewell!
And from that hour the ladye pined,
For love was in her heart,
And on her slumber there came dreams
She could not bid depart.
Her eye lost all its starry light,
Her cheek grew wan and pale,
Till she hid her faded loveliness
Beneath the sacred veil.
And she cut off her long dark hair,
And bade the world farewell,
And she now dwells a veiled nun
In Saint Marie's cell."

With this we would finish, leaving it to our
readers to enjoy the denouement of the Trouba-
dour, but that we cannot resist the temptation of
one other extract in praise of *Music*.

"Music's power

Is little felt in sunlit hour;
But hear its voice when hopes depart,
Like swallows, flying from the heart
On which the summer's late decline
Has set a sadness and a sign;
When friends whose commune once we sought
For every bosom wish and thought,
Have given in our hour of need
Such a support as gives the need,—
When we have seen the green grass grow
O'er what once was life below;
How deeply will the spirit feel
The lute, the song's sweet-voiced appeal;
And how the heart drink in their sighs
As echoes they from Paradise."

Finally, as critics at least, we bid farewell to
these charming pages, to which, however, we shall
often return, as readers, to discover at every new
perusal new beauties. We could see some slight
blemishes too—such as a mode of comparison
which sometimes obscures the sense, by omitting
the *if* ("your only peacemaker");—certain irreg-
ularities in the versification, and some careless-
ness in repeating rhymes;—but we have been
too entirely delighted with the copious origina-
lity of thought and the ever gushing bursts of
true poetical genius, to put one objection on
record.

*Napoléon et la Grande Armée en Russie, ou Examen
Critique de l'ouvrage de M. Le Comte Ph. de
Segur; par le General Gourgaud. Paris. Bos-
sange, freres. 8vo. pp. 560.*

In our Gazette of the 12th of last March, and
in some subsequent numbers, we gave a co-
pious analysis of Count de Segur's work, "*The
History of the Expedition to Russia undertaken by
the Emperor Napoleon*." Although his volumes
are written in a romantic style, we never im-
agined that we were reading or reviewing a ro-
mance; and indeed we expressed a very favour-
able opinion of the talents of their author. We
also made some allusions to the history of Count
de Segur, for which we were indebted to Cour-
celle's *Biographical Dictionary of French Gener-
als*; and our Paris letter of last Saturday fur-
nished still farther details connected with this
publication and its consequences. We have
since read Gourgaud's volume, who, as he states,
being "indignant at many of the details given by
Count de Segur, and full of admiration for the
Emperor," felt it a duty to compose the work
whose title heads this article.

In his *Examen Critique* the General openly and
directly accuses Segur of inaccuracies, errors,
exaggerations, fables, and falsehoods; and would
lead us to believe that his work is a mere novel,
in the style of the Great Unknown. This charge
no doubt the Count will answer; but in the
mean time it is our literary duty to give our read-
ers an idea of its nature, especially as the orig-
inal work has had an enormous sale of, we are
told, a little fewer than 20,000 copies. With
respect to many of the contested points we have
no means of forming a judgment, and the refore
as we allowed Count de Segur to tell his own
story, we think it but an act of justice to make
known the work of his adversary and critic.

"The chief design of M. de Segur," says General Gourgaud, "manifests itself even in the first chapter. He proceeds to show Napoleon filled with the vast project of remaining sole master of Europe. It is of little importance to him, that by this imputation he may be the echo of superficial and malignant spirits who have judged a great man after his fall, or of enemies, who, when he was in his glory, lent their aid for his overthrow. After having held up to view so great, so universal a genius, in the levity of his heart entering upon a foolish enterprise, he endeavours to prove, that if success did not crown his temerity, the cause of his failure was a premature weakness of his health, and that the great man was only an ambitious individual whose mind embraced projects beyond the reach of his species.

"With respect to his plan we flatter ourselves that we shall demonstrate that he had none; that he wrote nearly at random; mixing facts, reporting them without connection and without order; confounding, when he treats of one epoch, that which belonged to another; disdaining to justify either his accusations or his eulogies; adopting without examination, and without that spirit of criticism so necessary to the historian, the false judgment of prejudice, of rivalry, or of enmity, and the exaggerations of humour or of malevolence; ascribing to one person actions, to another words, incompatible with their positions and with their characters; never citing any other witness than himself, nor any authority except his own assertions."

General Gourgaud, after the personalities which our Paris correspondent described, declares his opinion that details are necessary, especially to prevent future generations from being deceived by the apparent authority, which the high sounding words, *M. le General Comte de Segur*, might be ready to convey—to prevent futurity from supposing that he, who erected himself as judge of a great man, had fought at his side, &c.

General Gourgaud then proceeds to show, that from the nature of his duty, M. de Segur had not the opportunity of acquiring information but from very inferior sources, and in derision he adds, that a man *de beaucoup d'esprit*, said that Segur's work was "*le procès-verbal des coquets du quartier-général*."

Void of the discernment and the knowledge, and the candour of an historian, says the General, Segur has only produced a badly woven romance, which he has decorated with the name of history, and giddy with the effect of phrases and romantic descriptions, he sees not the non-sequiturs into which he falls.

"That great army, with the glory of which the young veteran pretends to associate himself, under his pen is a horde which only fights for pillage. The great man,—of whom he wishes us to believe him the grateful and faithful admirer, and who heaped favours and property on his grand-father, his father, and himself,—is an insensate person who blindly runs to his ruin. The prodigious genius which till then had crowned his head with so many laurels, and signalized his name by the reconciliation of parties, and by the prosperity of his country, is only a weak, uncertain, irresolute man, without energy, without courage, overburthened by the pressure of fatigue and disease."

Gourgaud next alludes to the actions of Buonaparte after his abdication; his escape from Elba—his extraordinary entrance into Paris—the organization of his army—his defeat at Waterloo, as well as to his exile, for six years, "*upon the rock of St. Helena, where he presented to the world the memorable example of heroic firmness and of invincible character!*"

From the above remarks and quotations, the reader may have a good idea of the blind partisan tone of feeling of General Gourgaud, and of the contemptuous manner in which he treats the Count de Segur and his writings.

Whatever credit may be due to Segur as an historian, certainly there is very little due to his adversary, who could have little trouble in demonstrating the foresight and wisdom of the march to Moscow, after showing that his master ought to have been, or was, victorious at Waterloo!

Sylvan Sketches, by the Author of "*Flora Domestica*," 8vo. pp. 408. London, 1825. Taylor and Hessey.

A very high priest for the Hamadryades: this author, who seems as if his life had been spent only amid flowers and green leaves, has made his volume worthy of its interesting subject. Here is ample choice for the plantation and the park, from the ignoble birch to the stately cedar; and few studies are more calculated for the English gentleman than the choice and culture of trees, at once value and ornament to his estate. But we must show how our writer has proceeded with his pleasant task; the following is an account of the Ash:

"Evelyn commends the Ash for fuel; 'It is,' says he, 'of all other the sweetest of our forest fueling, and the fittest for ladies' chambers.' Ash pollards are reckoned very serviceable where fuel is scarce, because the loppings burn well whether green or dry, and make excellent fires. The ashes of the wood make good pot-ash, and the bark is used for tanning nets and calfskin.

"In the north of Lancashire, when grass is upon the decline, Ash-trees are lopped as fodder for the cattle. The leaves have been used to mix with tea; and Miller tells us that in some places the poor people have made great advantage by collecting them. Whether by saving expense to themselves in lessening their consumption of foreign tea, or whether they were employed to collect these leaves for others, is not clear. Common as the use of foreign tea now is, even among the poorest of our peasantry, who, notwithstanding the little nourishment it affords them, obtain it at a great expense, it is said that many persons in China give the preference to our English herbs for the same purpose;—such is the disposition of mankind to prefer those things least easy of attainment.

"Medicines have been prepared from the leaves, the bark, the seeds, and the saw-dust:—but whether the cure be performed by the power of magic or nature," says Evelyn, "I determine not." This author tells us that "the seeds pickled tender make a delicate salading."

"The Ash has, with some persons, a bad character, as a spoiler of butter. It has been observed, that in those parts of Surrey where the Ash grows abundantly, the butter is rank; and this fault is supposed to proceed from the cows eating the young shoots of the tree. 'So that in good dairy counties,' says Miller, 'they will not let an Ash-tree grow.' Martyn remarks upon this, that the Romans recommended the Ash for fodder; 'and,' continues he, 'I have passed much time in a country where Ash was almost the only tree in the hedge-rows, and never observed this rankness in the butter. Cress is apt to turn bitter at the fall of the leaf, and the reason is supposed to be, that the cattle then pick up decayed leaves, particularly those of the Ash; but it is the same in large low pastures where there are no trees, as in upland enclosures which abound in them.'

"In some respects the Ash is certainly a mischievous neighbour: the numerous shoots from

the root spread so widely abroad near the surface of the earth, that they will not permit any thing else to grow near it; it also impoverishes the land, and the drip of its branches is injurious to grass and corn. It will however grow in the most barren soil, and the most exposed situations, and will bear the beating of the bleak sea-winds, so that it is a good tree to plant near the coast, where few trees flourish.

"In the early ages, when the island was overrun with wood, our ancestors very naturally valued trees rather for their fruit than for their timber, and when an oak or a beech sold for ten shillings, the Ash, because it furnished no food, was valued but at fourpence.

"The Edda of Woden, however, holds the Ash in high veneration, and describes man as being formed from it. Hesiod, in like manner, deduces his brazen race of men from the Ash."

"Evelyn mentions, as some remains of the superstitious veneration paid to this tree, that the country people in some parts of England, split young Ashes, and pass diseased children through the chasm, as a means of curing them. They have another custom equally strange;—that of boring a hole in an Ash-tree, and imprisoning in it a shrewmouse: a few strokes given with a branch of the tree is then considered a sovereign remedy for cramps and lameness in cattle, which are ignorantly imagined to be caused by that harmless little creature.

"Lightfoot says that in the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of an infant, the nurse takes a green stick of Ash, one end of which she puts into the fire, and, while it is burning, receives in a spoon the sap that oozes from the other, which she administers to the child as its first food.

"Ash-wood is sometimes curiously veined, and is then highly valued by the cabinet-makers, who give it the name of green ebony. 'The woodman who lights upon it,' says Evelyn, 'may make what money he will of it.' Many persons have told strange stories of the curious figures to be found in Ash-wood. It has been said that, in the house of a gentleman in Oxfordshire, a dining-table, made of an old Ash, represented many figures of men, beasts, and fish; and that in Holland, an Ash, being cleft, discovered, in the several slivers, the forms of a chalice, a priest's alb, his stole and several other pontifical vestments.

"Fancy may play endless vagaries in this way, as it does in a burning fire, or in the ever-changing clouds; twenty different observers may form twenty different ideas of the same object in such speculations; although it may require the aid of a little courtly acquiescence, for one person, at the same minute, to see in the same object a camel, a weasel, and a whale.

"Ash-trees do not usually grow very large; but there have been many instances of enormous growth among them. Miller mentions several: we will notice a few of the more remarkable.

"Near Kennety church, in the King's County, is an Ash, the trunk of which is twenty-one feet ten inches round, and seventeen feet high before the branches break out, which are of enormous bulk. When a funeral of the lower class passes by, they lay the body down a few minutes, say a prayer, and then throw a stone to increase the heap which has been accumulating round the roots.

"At Doniray, near Claze Castle, in the county of Galway, is another that, at four feet from the ground, measures forty-four feet in girth; and at six feet high, thirty-three feet. The trunk has been long quite hollow, a little school having been kept in it: there are very few branches remaining, but those few are fresh and vigorous.

"Lastly, in the church-yard of Lochaber, in Scotland, Dr. Walker measured a dead Ash, the

trunk of which, at five feet from the ground, was fifty-eight feet in circumference.

"Consider the value, sir, of such a piece of timber."

"There is an old superstition relative to the Ash-tree, that a serpent will rather creep into the fire than over a twig of it. 'This is an old imposture of Pliny's,' says Evelyn, 'who either took it up upon trust, or we mistake the tree.'

"Cowley, enumerating various prodigies, says:

"On the wild Ash's tops, the bats and owls,
With all night, ominous, and baleful fowls,
Sate brooding, while the screeches of these doves
Profaned and violated all the groves."

But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
Within an Ash a serpent built her nest,
And laid her eggs, when once to come beneath
The very shadow of an Ash was death;
Rather, if chance should force, she through the fire
From its fallen leaves, so baneful, would retire."

Cowley on Plants, Book vi.

"This passage is given rather for the allusion than for any beauty that is to be found in the poetry. Cowley, too, or his translator, gives a fling at Pliny: 'For the truth hereof, take Pliny's word.'

"Sannazaro mentions the same notion:

"Dell'ombra di quest'albero sempre fuggono i serpi, in molo che se dentro a un cerchio serrato da foglie di frassino, sia posto il fuoco, ed un serpe; il serpe per non dar nel frassino piu tosto si getta nel fuoco."

"Serpents always avoid the shade of the Ash; so that if a fire and a serpent be placed within a circle of Ash-leaves, the serpent, to avoid the Ash, will even run into the midst of the fire."

"By the heroes of old the Ash was used for spears, and is still in use for pike staves. Pliny says it is preferable for that purpose to either the cornel or the myrtle. Sannazaro says, also, that it is better than the hazel, lighter than the cornel, and more supple than the service-tree."

"It is recorded that the lance with which Hector was killed by Achilles, was of this wood."

The receipts we next quote, we recommend to the notice of some of the numerous advertisers, whose oils, soaps, and creams, offer creation to beauty where it is not, and immortality where it is:

"There is one great virtue in the Hazel-nut, which we have pleasure in making known to our readers. It is true that taste differs with regard to personal beauty as in all things else; and in the colour of the eye, as in other beauties of person: some authors, indeed, have lauded the grey eye; Chaucer appears to prefer this colour; but poets in general are divided between the blue and the black. We are sorry we cannot give our readers a receipt to turn the eye blue; but to those fond mothers who admire black, and have mourned over the grey eyes of their infant children, we recommend to burn to ashes the shells of hazel nuts, and to apply them to the hinder part of the head of the grey-eyed child. Tradition, who is aged, and should have experience, affirms that they will change the eyes from grey to black."

There is both information and amusement in these pages, which are agreeably diversified with quotation and anecdote.

PEPYS'S MEMOIRS, &c. Seventh Notice.

THE incidental details which Mr. Pepys's Diary contains of the Plague, the Great Fire, the ascent of the Thames and Medway by the Dutch, the Duke of Monmouth's early life, and other historical subjects, are both interesting and important; but it would require a much more spacious review than ours to do them any thing like justice. We shall, therefore, still address ourselves to those topics which illustrate the manners, arts

and literature of the age; and even on these points, add but one or two other notices to the number into which the curious character of the publication has already seduced us.

At this period music, and especially vocal music, was a part of every genteel man's education: they cultivated the art as sedulously as boarding-school misses do now. The following memoranda apply:

Lock's Music; 1659-60, Feb. 21st. At Westminster Hall, "here I met with Mr. Lock and Purcell, Master of Musique, and went with them to the Coffee House, into a room next the water, by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two till Captain Taylor come and told us, that the House had voted the gates of the City to be made up again, and the members of the City that are in prison to be set at liberty; and that Sir G. Booth's case be brought into the House tomorrow. Here we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made on these words: 'Domine saluum fac Regem.'

"1664, Oct. 5th. To the Musique-meeting at the Post-office, where I was once before. And thither anon come all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company: and the new instrument was brought called the Arched Viall, where being tuned with late-strings, and played on with kees like an organ, a piece of parchment is always kept moving; and the strings, which by the kees are pressed down upon it, are grated in imitation of a bow, by the parchment; and so it is intended to resemble several vyalls played on with one bow; but so basely and so harshly, that it will never do. But after three hours' stay it could not be fixed in tune; and so they were fain to go to some other musique of instruments."

"1666, July 30th. Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because that the girl do take musick mightily readily, and she do not, and music is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me."

"August 8th. Discoursed with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musical sounds made by strings, mightily prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings, (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note that it answers to in musique, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine."

Of general and miscellaneous extracts we make a farther selection.

"1666-7, Feb. 14th. This morning come up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me 5*l.*; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines."

"25th. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade

myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. At my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medall, where in little there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw any thing in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by."

"April 22d. The King was vexed the other day for having no paper laid for him at the Council table, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne did tell his Majesty he would call the person whose work it was to provide it: who being come, did tell his Majesty that he was but a poor man, and was out 4 or 500*l.* for it, which was as much as he is worth; and that he cannot provide it any longer without money, having not received a penny since the King's coming in. So the King spoke to my Lord Chamberlain. And many such mementos the King do nowadays meet withall, enough to make an ingenuous man mad."

"Mr. Evelyn tells me of several of the menial servants of the Court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the King's coming in. He tells me the King of France bath his mistresses, but laughs at the foolery of our King, that makes his bastards princes, and loses his revenue upon them, and makes his mistresses his masters. And the King of France did never grant Lavalier any thing to bestow on others, and gives a little subsistence, but no more, to his bastards. He told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from Court, he knowing her well; and believes her, up to her leaving the Court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world: and told me, from a Lord that she told it to but yesterday with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the King, and he did the like also; and that the King did not deny it, and told this Lord that she was come to that pass as to resolve to have married any gentleman of 1500*l.* a-year that would have had her in honour: for it was come to that pass, that she could not longer continue at Court without prostituting herself to the King, whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance. She told this Lord that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given the world to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not any thing but her honour; and that she will never come to live at Court more than when she comes to town to kiss the Queene her mistress's hand: and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her Lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this Lord that all the jewells she ever had given her at Court, or any other presents (more than the King's allowance of 700*l.* per annum out of the privy-purse for her clothes), were at her first coming, the King did give her a necklace of pearl of about 1100*l.*; and afterwards, about seven months since, when the King had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the King did give her some jewells, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewell of about 800*l.*; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about 300*l.*; and the King of France would have had her mother (who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world,) to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his Court he would

take care she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the Queen-Mother*, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewel: so that Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewels about 6000*l.*, and that that is all she hath in the world: and a worthy woman; and in this bath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. That now the Countesse Castlemaine do carry all before her: and among other arguments to prove Mrs. Stewart to have been honest to the last, he says that the King's keeping in still with my Lady Castlemaine do shew it; for he never was known to keep two mistresses in his life, and would never have kept to her had he prevailed any thing with Mrs. Stewart. She is gone yesterday with her Lord to Cobham. He did tell me of the ridiculous humour of our King and Knights of the Garter the other day, who, whereas heretofore their robes were only to be worn during their ceremonies and service, these, as proud of their coats, did wear them all day till night, and then rode into the Park with them on. Nay, and he tells me he did see my Lord Oxford and Duke of Monmouth in a hackney-coach with two footmen in the Park, with their robes on; which is a most scandalous thing, so as all gravity may be said to be lost among us.

"May 1st. To Westminster; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-lane in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature.

"28th. My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it. I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring-garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant: and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew's tramp, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is might divertising.

1667. July 29th. Creed did tell us the story of the duel last night, in Covent-garden, between Sir H. Bellases and Tom Porter. It is worth remembering the silliness of the quarrel, and is a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom at present. They two dined

* We are afraid that it was to this Queen, Henrietta; and not to Catherine of Portugal, the wife of Charles II., that the discussion referred to in our note, page 486, ought to have been referred. Of the recovery of the latter, however, after a severe illness, which Pepys mentions, Grammont gives an account in his usual heartless manner. "The Queen (says he,) was given over by her physicians: the few Portuguese women, that had not been sent back to their own country, filled the court with doleful cries; and the good nature of the King was much affected with the situation in which he saw a princess, whom, though he did not love her, he greatly esteemed. She loved him tenderly, and thinking that it was the last time she should ever speak to him, she told him, 'That the concern he shewed for her death, was enough to make her quit life with regret; but that not possessing charms sufficient to merit his tenderness, she had at least the consolation in dying to give place to a consort, who might be more worthy of it, and to whom heaven, perhaps, might grant a blessing that had been refused to her.' At these words, she bathed his hands with some tears, which he thought would be her last: he mingled his own with hers; and without supposing she would take him at his word, he conjured her to live for his sake. She had never yet disobeyed him, and however dangerous sudden impulses may be, when one is between life and death, this transport of joy, which might have proved fatal to her, saved her life, and the King's wonderful tenderness, had an effect, for which every person did not thank heaven in the same manner."

yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's where it seems people do drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together; and Sir H. Bellases talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, 'What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?' Sir H. Bellases hearing it, said, 'No!' says he: 'I would have you know I never quarrel but I strike; and take that as a rule of mine!' 'How?' says Tom Porter, 'strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!' With that Sir H. Bellases did give him a box of the eare; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered. And by and by Tom Porter went out; and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellases presently; for he knew, if he did not, they should be friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him; which he would prevent, and desired Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellases goes. By and by he is informed that Sir H. Bellases's coach was coming: so Tom Porter went down out of the Coffee-house, where he stayed for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellases come out. 'Why,' says H. Bellases, 'you will not hurt me coming out--will you?' 'No,' says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew: and H. Bellases having drawn and flung away his scabbard, Tom Porter asked him whether he was ready? The other answering him he was, they fell to fight, some of their acquaintance by. They wounded one another, and H. Bellases so much that it is feared he will die; and finding himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him and bade him shift for himself; 'for,' says he, 'Tom, thou hast hurt me: but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done.' And so whether he did fly or no I cannot tell; but Tom Porter shewed H. Bellases that he was wounded too: and they are both ill, but H. Bellases to fear of life. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellases a Parliament-man too, and both of them extraordinary friends! Among other discourse my cosen Roger told us a thing certain, that my Lady Castlemaine hath made a bishop lately, namely, her uncle Dr. Glenham, who, I think they say, is Bishop of Carlisle; a drunken, swearing rascal, and a scandal to the Church; and do now pretend to be Bishop of Lincoln, in competition with Dr. Raynbow, who is reckoned as worthy a man as most in the Church for piety and learning: which are things so scandalous to consider that no man can doubt but we must be undone that hears of them. Cosen Roger did acquaint me in private with an offer made of his marrying of Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, whom I know; a kinswoman of Mr. Honiwood's, an ugly old maid, but good housewife, and is said to have 2500*l.* to her portion; though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all: and it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew, never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys. [Bellases died of his wound.]

"Aug. 31st. I to Bartholomew fayre to walk up and down; and there among other things find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet play (Patient Grizill), and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her: but they, silly people! do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away without any trouble at all.

"1668. January 1st. By and by I met with Mr. Brisband; and having it in my mind this Christmas to do (what I never can remember that I did) go to see the gaming at the groome-porter's, (I having in my coming from the play-house stepped into the two Temple-halls, and there saw the dirty prentices and idle people playing; wherein I was mistaken, in thinking to have seen gentlemen of quality playing there,) he did lead me thither; where, after staying an hour, they began to play, about eight at night. And to see the formality of the groome-porter, who is their judge of all disputes in play, and all quarrels that may arise therein and how his under-officers are there to observe true play at each table, and to give new dice, is a consideration I never could have thought had been in the world, had I not now seen it.

"21st. Comes news from Kate Joyce that, if I would see her husband alive, I must come presently. So I to him, and find his breath rattled in the throat; and they did lay pigeons to his feet, and all despair of him. It seems on Thursday last he went sober and quiet to Islington, and behind one of the inns (the White Lion) did fling himself into a pond: was spied by a poor woman, and got out by some people, and set on his head and got to life: and so his wife and friends sent for. He confessed his doing the thing, being led by the Devil; and do declare his reason to be his trouble in having forgot to serve God as he ought since he came to his new employment: and I believe that, and the sense of his great loss by the fire, did bring him to it; for he grew sick, and worse and worse to the day. The friends that were there being now in fear that the goods and estate would be seized on, though he lived all this while, because of his endeavouring to drown himself, my cosen did endeavour to remove what she could of plate out of the house, and desired me to take my flagons; which I did, but in great fear all the way of being seized; though there was no reason for it, he not being dead. So with Sir D. Gauden to Guild Hall to advise with the Towne-Clerke about the practice of the City and nation in this case: and he thinks it cannot be found selfe-murder; but it be, it will fall, all the estate, to the King. So I to my cosen's again; where I no sooner come but I find that he was departed. So at their entreaty I presently to White Hall, and there find Sir W. Coventry; and he carried me to the King, the Duke of York being with him, and there told my story which I had told him; and the King, without more ado, granted that, if it was found, the estate should be to the widow and children: which indeed was a very great courtesy, for people are looking out for the estate."

In Literature the following appear:

"April 23rd. To White Hall chapel, and heard the famous young Stillingfleet, whom I knew at Cambridge, and he is now newly admitted one of the King's chaplains. And was presented, they say, to my Lord Treasurer for St. Andrew's Holborn, where he is now minister, with these words: that they (the Bishops of Canterbury, London, and another) believed he is the ablest young man to preach the Gospel of any since the Apostles. He did make a most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned and easy yet substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life.

"Sept. 22d. At Blackwall. Here is observable what Johnson tells us, that in digging the late Docke, they did 12 feet under ground find perfect trees overcovered with earth. Nut trees, with the branches and the very nuts upon them; some of whose nuts he shewed us. Their shells

black with age, and their kernell, upon opening, decayed, but their shell perfectly hard as ever. And a yew tree, (upon which the very ivy was taken up whole about it,) which upon cutting with an adde, we found to be rather harder than the living tree usually is.

"Jan. 22. We parted, resolving to meet here at night: my Lord Brouncker being going with Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Hooke, and others, to Colonel Blunt's, to consider again of the business of chariots, and to try their new invention. Which I saw here my Lord Brouncker ride in; where the coachman sits astride upon a pole over the horse, but do not touch the horse, which is a pretty odde thing; but it seems it is most easy for the horse, and, as they say, for the man also. The first meeting of Gresham College, since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talk, in defence of his and his fellow physicians going out of town in the plague-time; saying that their particular patients were most gone out of town, and they left at liberty; and a great deal more, &c. But what, among other fine discourse pleased me most, was Sir G. Ent about Respiration; that it is not to this day known, or concluded on among physicians, nor to be done either, how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is."

FRASER'S JOURNEY TO KHORASAN.

AMONG the leading characteristics of the Toorkomans are their equestrian habits: Mr. Fraser observes that:

"All the men of these tribes are excellent horsemen, and possess a race of horses, the excellence of which is celebrated all over Asia. Those bred by the Tuckehs have at present the greatest repute; only, I believe, because being in greater numbers, there is a more extensive choice among them, for the breeds are the same among them all. They value size and bone much, but blood, evinced by the power of enduring fatigue, still more. Size and bone appear to be indigenous to the horses of the country; figure and blood are borrowed from the Arab, and Nadir Shah took great pains to increase these qualities by sending the finest horses he could obtain from Arabia to improve the breed. After all, I do not think that any one accustomed to the symmetry of the Arab, or even the English horse, would consider them handsome; the impression they at first give is, that they are deficient in compactness; their bodies are long in proportion to their breadth and bulk of carcase, and they are not often well ribbed up; their legs are long, and might be thought deficient in muscle, generally falling off below the knee: they have narrow chests, nor is their general breadth at all remarkable: their necks are long, their heads large, heavy, and seldom well put on; nor does the general appearance give the spectator the idea of activity or fleetness. Such was the first impression conveyed to me by the sight even of the superior horses of the Toorkomans; perhaps the rather low condition they are for the most part kept in, increased its unfavourable nature; and it was not for some time that the effect began to wear off, and the fine and valuable points of the animal to force themselves into observation. They have large and powerful quarters resembling those of the English horse; the shoulders are often fine, their legs clean and strong, and though generally spare of flesh, what they have is firm and good; and their size unburthened with a load of fat, renders them fit to support the weight of their rider and his burthen for an astonishing length of time. I do not by any means intend to assert, that the want of beauty is universal; on the contrary, I have seen some of the Toorkoman horses very hand-

some; and when they are in good condition, and well groomed, they certainly have a great deal of figure; and on the whole approach more to the character of the English horse than any other breed I have seen in the East.

"Their powers of endurance are indeed almost incredible; when trained for a chappow or plundering expedition, they will carry their riders and provisions for seven or eight days together, at the rate of twenty or even thirty fursangs (loosely, from 80 to 100 miles) a-day. Their mode of training is more like that of our pugilistic and pedestrian performers, than that adopted for race horses. When any expedition of great length, and requiring the exertion of much speed, is in contemplation, they commence by running their horses every day for many miles together; they feed them sparingly on barley alone, and pile numuds upon them at night to sweat them, until every particle of fat has been removed, and the flesh becomes hard and tendinous; of which they judge by the feel of the muscles, particularly on the crest, at the back of the neck, and on the haunches; and when these are sufficiently firm and hard, they say in praise of the animal, that his 'flesh is marble.' After this the horse will proceed with wonderful expedition, and perseverance, for almost any length of time, without either falling off in condition, or knocking up, while horses that set out fat seldom survive. Upon an occasion shortly before I was in that part of the country, when certain of the king's horsemen, with a party of the Yamoot and Gocklan, made a chappow on the Tuckeh tribe, the former, who set out with horses fat and pampered, lost them almost every one, while the Toorkomans, with their lean but powerful animals, went through the whole fatigue without inconvenience. They are taught a quick walk, a light trot, or a sort of amble, which carries the rider on easily, at the rate of six miles an hour; but they will also go at a round canter, or gallop, for forty or fifty miles, without ever drawing bridle, or showing the least symptom of fatigue. A Toorkoman, with whom I was talking on this subject, with reference to his own horse, offered to go from Mushed to Tehran, or to Bockhara, neither of which journeys is less than five hundred miles, in six days at farthest; and the possibility of the feat was confirmed by hundreds, both Persians and Toorkomans; indeed the distances to which their chappows have frequently extended, prove too fatally that the power exists. But I have reason to believe that their yabcos or galloways, and large ponies are fully as remarkable, if not superior, to their large horses, in their powers of sustaining fatigue; they are stout, compact, spirited beasts, without the fine blood of the larger breeds, but more within the reach of the poorer classes, and consequently used in by far greater numbers than the superior and more expensive horses. It is a common practice of the Toorkomans to teach their horses to fight with their heels, and thus assist their master in the time of action, and at the will of their rider, to run at, and lay hold of with their teeth, whatever men or animals may be before them; this acquirement is useful in the day of battle and plunder, for catching prisoners and stray cattle, but renders them vicious and dangerous to strangers.

"It is quite a mistake to believe that horses are to be had in these parts at low, or even at moderate prices; animals of the best breeds cannot be had under a sum of money equal to 150*l.* or 200*l.* sterling; for some of remarkable blood and beauty, I have heard 350*l.* to 400*l.* demanded; and nothing possessing the most moderate degree of goodness united with size and figure, can be had under 50*l.* to 100*l.* sterling.

Common horses, good enough for drudges, but with no degree of blood, nor belonging to the favourite Toorkoman breeds, may be had at small enough prices, but even good yabcos, bred in the desert, will sell for 30*l.* to 40*l.* sterling.

The breed appears to be getting very scarce, and Mr. F. thinks it will soon be exhausted.

Our traveller was often delayed by accounts of plundered caravans on his line of march; but it is not easy to determine how far these stories of depredations were true. Certainly, the country is overrun with alarms and disorders; and it seems probable that single Europeans are exposed to assassination (not perhaps without the winking of government), whenever they attempt to penetrate into these parts. Mr. Frazer mentions a person in whose book was written, "*William Shawe, of Leamington Priors, near Warwick*;" whom he supposes to have perished in this way not far from Mushed.

"He had" says Mr. F. "no servant, and very little baggage, could talk a little Persian and Arabic. What became of him I could not learn with any accuracy; Meerza Abdool Jawat told me, that he had attempted to return to India in the way he proposed, by Candahar and Caubul, against the advice and remonstrances of himself and others, and that at or near Herat he had been plundered and stript naked, since which nothing had been heard of him. The minister said, he had returned to Sheerauz, by the route of Kerman and Yeaz; but I never heard anything further of him, and fear that some fatal accident must have put a period to his travels and his life."

But to return to these travels, and the matters which they furnish for observation:

Near Bostam, "annexed to the mosque there is a minaret, called the minar of Bayazeed, because it is asserted that if any one standing on the balcony at its top, commands it to shake in the name of Sheikh Bayazeed, the minar will immediately shake. The solution of which miracle is simply this; the minar, like the mosque, being constructed of excellent brick-work, but very slender, and having by some accident a slight inclination to one side, when it receives at its upper extremity the additional weight of a man, will vibrate very perceptibly if he puts himself into violent motion, and whether he calls on the name of Bayazeed or not. This vibratory movement is by no means indicative of decay; the building is sound and may still stand, as it has stood, for ages. It is between forty and fifty feet in height.

"Close to the mosque, another mausoleum has been erected over the remains of one Caussim, the son of Imaum Jaffer Sauduck.

"The memory of Imaumzadeh Caussim is held in considerable veneration in these parts, and his mausoleum is a place of pilgrimage resorted to by the neighbouring inhabitants; but I could learn little respecting him beyond the particulars of his death, which prove that he was contemporary with Bayazeed. The catastrophe of these two saints is thus related: they were travelling together, and had taken up their abode for the night at a place half-way between Bostam and Sharood. While taking their evening repast, Caussim observed an ant upon the tablecloth, which (as he remarked to Bayazeed) must have been brought against its will from their last stage; a cruel and tyrannical act; and he therefore desired him forthwith to carry back the insect to the place whence it had been brought. Bayazeed obeyed his pious friend; and during the time he was absent, night having come on, the inhabitants of Shahrood and of Bostam saw upon the road between the places a great light, which was found upon enquiry to proceed from the person of the imaumzadeh, in sign of heaven's

approbation of the humane sentiments he had felt towards the forlorn insect. The affair, however, had an unhappy result; for the men of both places being attracted to the spot where this phenomenon was to be seen, fell to fighting for the person of the inamzadeh, and seven of the Shahroodees were killed. Upon which one of the opposite party, shocked at the slaughter, and desirous of effectually putting an end to it, caught up a spade, or some such instrument, and knocked out the saint's brains with it. This settled the dispute, and both parties having come to their senses, took up their dead and marched off. The Shahroodees buried their fellow villagers on the spot where they fell, which is marked by a small hillock, still called 'Heft-tun,' or the seven bodies. The Bostamees took up the body of the dead inamzadeh, and carrying it to their own town interred it there.

"Meantime Bayazeed returned, and learning what had happened, reproached the men of Bostam so violently with their crime; that they lost patience, and swore that he should share the same fate if he did not hold his peace; but Bayazeed, instead of being silenced, dared them to the deed, saying, that now his friend was murdered, he had no wish to survive him; they took him at his word, and, falling upon him, stoned him to death, and heaped over him for a tomb the very stones with which they had beaten out his brains; and very sufficient they were for the purpose, certainly, large, round, and heavy; but whether they performed this office for the saint or not, they form a mound of fourteen or fifteen feet square, just outside the entrance to Inamzadeh Caussim's tomb.

"Bayazeed was a derwish, or sooffee, of great celebrity in these parts; the time he flourished in may be inferred from his having been contemporary with the son of the sixth Imaum, but I have not any certain information regarding the exact period of either his birth or death. As a freethinker he was held in abhorrence by most rigid Mussoolmans; but he had a very numerous attendance of devoted disciples, and many miracles are attributed to him. Among the Poor-komans, with whom he lived a great deal, he was regarded as a saint of great power, and his influence over these rude tribes was very extensive. Among other extravagant stories that are related of this person, it is said that in his fits of intoxication (which were frequent from the use of wine and Bhang, in both of which he freely indulged), as well as in the extatic dreams to which these enthusiasts are subject, he was used to speak of himself as the divinity; at which blasphemy, when his disciples reported it to him after his recovery, he was or pretended to be so shocked, that he desired they would punish, and try to awaken, or even put him to death, in case of the recurrence of so heinous a crime. This, however, his followers long refused to do, but at last they yielded to his solemn injunctions, and when next he became rapt, and assumed the name and attributes of the Almighty, they drew the knives, and stabbed their master in various parts of the body, until he fell down senseless; but, on recovering from his fit, what was their astonishment to find, that the wound which each respectively had inflicted was transferred to his own body from that of the saint."

The mingled reverence paid to saints, with the peril to which they are exposed, appears to continue to the present day, for we read, a little further on, near Muzzenoon—

"Not far from this deserted town there is a collection of ruins, among which are two monuments of inamzadehs; one of which, in tolerable repair, and with some pretension to magnificence, covers, as it is said, the bones of Seyd

Ismael, considered by the Ismaelites, or Hussu-nees, as the last legitimate imaum, and founder of that sect of Mahometans. I am, however, inclined to doubt the truth of this, as it is difficult to believe that a sect so devoted to their spiritual superiors would permit the acknowledged tomb of their saint to remain so much neglected as this has been; every one is acquainted with the devotion of his followers to Hussun Soubah, and his successors; and even at this day the sheikh or head of the sect is most blindly revered by those who yet remain, though their zeal has lost the deep and terrific character which it once bore. It is but lately that one of these, by name Shah Khuleel Oollah, resided at Yezd, during the time that Mahomed Zeman Khan, son of the present prime minister was governor there. He was a person of high respectability, and great influence, keeping an hundred gholaums of his own in pay; but he was put to death by the inhabitants of Yezd, in a riot to which they were instigated by tyrannical acts of their ruler. Shah Khuleel Oollah gave his assistance to the governor, and the Yezdees enraged at this, broke into his house and murdered him. The Bhoras, from India, were particularly devoted to their saint; and many that day sacrificed themselves in his cause. Among others, the resistance opposed to the murderers by an Indian peshlewin of that sect, is particularly mentioned; he placed himself before the chamber door, to which the insurgents had penetrated, and kept it shut with his powerful arms, until he fell covered with wounds.

"Meerza Abdool Rezak, who was acquainted with this man during his stay in Yezd, mentioned as a curious proof of the reverence in which he was held, that one day, while he was paying him a visit, the saint was employed during their conversation in paring the nails of his hands and feet, which the meerza picked up from the carpet to throw away; when an Indian of the sect who was in the chamber, seated at a respectful distance, prevented him from doing so by a significant gesture; when he left the room, the Indian followed him, and most earnestly begged him for the nail parings as a most precious possession, which the meerza, inwardly laughing at the man's superstition, after a while gave him. In like manner the shavings of his head, the water he washed in, and such offals, were preserved as valuable relics by his followers; and instead of paying wages to his servants, he would frequently give them one of his old robes, which cutting into pieces they would sell at a high price to the pilgrims who come to visit the saint. These devotees are so eager to pour in presents upon their ghostly chief, that he had accumulated great riches. He was succeeded in his religious capacity by one of his sons, who meets with a similar respect from the sect."

The devotedness of some tribes to their chiefs is equally striking, and brings to our recollection the attachment of our own Scottish clans.

"There was, it is said, a furosh in the king's household, belonging to the particular clan, and even from the same village, as Allee Yar Khan, and who was employed in the tent of Abdool Hoossain Khan, the king's nazir, at the time he heard that his natural lord had declared himself rebellious; the fellow immediately struck work, exclaiming, 'The khan is yaghee (rebellious), I will be so too;' and though severely beaten, he refused to return to his duty, still repeating the same words; till at length he became senseless, and in the end died of the blows he received; yet still in the occasional moments of returning perception, he continued to murmur, 'The khan is yaghee, I will be so too.' 'Such

a dog was this fellow,' observed the person who related the story, giving the poor creature no credit for the obstinate, even if mistaken, fidelity of his clanship."

(To be continued.)

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Month in France and Switzerland; during the Autumn of 1824. By John Smith, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law, &c. 8vo. pp. 304. London, 1825. Kingsbury and Co.

MR. SMITH has contrived to see as much as possible during his short travels; and has told the story of them in a pleasant-enough way, without pretension. He indites poetry upon occasion of Mountain Maiden, and so forth, of which we cannot speak so much in praise.

Wherever Mr. Smith sports his French he is unfortunate in his spelling, so that it resembles *lingua Franca* as much as the language of the Tuileries; but we dare say he spoke the language better. At p. 205 we have the following curious note, which may be received as a sample of that figure which approaches the sign Taurus or the Bull; "Lyons was threatened with utter extermination. It was besieged, and all therein ordered to be butchered. Upon one occasion 2500 escaped: they were overtaken and every one of them murdered." This was certainly a miraculous escape.

The Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times of Lord Byron. 3 vols. 8vo. 1825. Hey.

THESE volumes purport to be by an English gentleman, in the Greek military service, and comrade of his lordship; and to be compiled from authentic documents and from long personal acquaintance. Of these merits, however, they bear no internal evidence; and therefore the name of this anonymous gentleman would have been of value, if it could have been placed in front, to stamp them with some little authenticity. In fact the work is one of those mere hack jobs, of which too many infest the literature of the present times: such as get puffed by regular advertisements in the newspapers, under the imposing head of *Contemporary Criticism*, No. so and so, or some similarly imposing title; and which answer the purposes of sordid speculation, while they often edge legitimate talent and modest merit out of the publishing market and public notice.

A Summer Ramble in the North Highlands. 12mo. pp. 256. Edinburgh, 1825. W. Hunter. London. J. Duncan.

FROM the Grampians to the Pentland Firth, and between the Eastern and the Western Sea, embracing notices of the places remarkable on the tour, whether for historical recollections, scenery, or modern condition; this ramble is an extremely well written and pleasing narrative. The authors (for two are mentioned) seem to have felt the sublimities and the beauties presented to their view: and to have been sufficiently informed to enjoy the objects which depend on memory rather than on vision for their interest. Though there are a few striking phrases, or perhaps only words, too frequently used, the style in general is excellent; and in parts admirable. What, for example, can be more poetical than the following description of one of the dangers of the Pentland Firth:

"The Merry Men of Mey also deserve to be included among the wonders of this celebrated strait. The breakers so named lie directly off a small point opposite to Stromna, and are doubtless produced by some particular current setting fiercely on a hidden reef. When we beheld the Merry Men of Mey, all nature seemed to make a death-like pause; so profound was the stillness that prevailed. The hollow moan of the tide

leaping and foaming on that solitary reef was the only sound that broke the deep silence. That moan is never hushed. It seems as if the Almighty had decreed, that these guilty waters shall never know rest, till they yield up, at the last day, the bones of the innumerable victims whom they have engulfed."

Altogether, we can recommend this little volume to Highland tourists as one of the best of its kind; and other readers who may never contemplate a visit to the land of brown heath, the mountain, and the flood, will find it, even in their closets, a very agreeable work.

A Compendium of the British Peerage, &c. &c. &c. By Charles White. London, 1825. C. Knight.

By means of tabular arrangement and other judicious forms, this slight volume, of only 239 pages, is what it purports to be—a Compendium of the British Peerage. It is easy of reference, and sufficiently clear and ample in information: one of the most useful productions of its kind with which we are acquainted.

The Oracle of Human Destiny, &c. 12mo London. Arnold.

This appalling title belongs to a small book which unfolds (as it states) the famous Madame Le Normand's secret of fortune-telling. There is a prefatory address "to the English nation," in the genuine style of Gallic grandiloquence; and there is a dissertation on Oracles, from the creation of the world, quoting every writer, sacred or profane, whose name could be brought to bear on the subject. Then there is a table of the celestial signs; directions how to consult the literary sidrophel; and the questions and answers which are to foretell the destinies of the enquirers; just as faithfully as could Madame le Normand herself.

A Hand-book; or concise Dictionary of Terms used in the Arts and Sciences. By Walter Hamilton, M.R.A.S. London. J. Murray. A duodecimo volume, of 450 pages, and therefore of convenient size, containing excellent explanations, not only of the old and familiar terms of Science and the Arts, but of the new language so abundantly introduced into both. It is a most useful performance.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WEATHER.

Paris, July 22.

The weather has been extremely sultry for this last fortnight, the thermometer being sometimes as high as 94 in the shade; the effect on vegetation has been terrible: vegetables have quadrupled in price, several fruits are literally parched on the trees, the leaves fall thicker than in October, and they are so completely desiccated that they pulverize in the hand; there is only the linden tree which has yet resisted the heat in the environs of Paris. The grapes are dried up on the vines, the wine will be consequently less abundant than was expected, but greatly superior in quality. Apples, pears, and peaches, have failed this season; but apricots are in such abundance, that on three standard trees in the garden of an English gentleman near Paris it is calculated there are at least thirty bushels; all the branches are obliged to be propped to prevent their breaking down with the weight of the fruit. Prayers for rain are ordered to be read in all churches during nine days.

SITTINGS OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE OF THE 18th. M. Moreau de Tormes stated that the alarming reports of the plague at Marseilles were without foundation; it does exist at Alexandria in Egypt, and had been communicated to many European vessels, of which five were French and had lost

part of their crews, but on the arrival of two of those vessels only one man was attacked by the plague, and there are hopes of his recovery. M. Moreau de Tormes remarks as a singular occurrence, that the yellow fever of the West Indies and the plague of Egypt have been for the first time concentrated on the same spot, by the simultaneous arrival of vessels from the West Indies and Egypt at Marseilles.

M. Arago stated that he had endeavoured to ascertain whether the stars which we consider as the nearest to us, were not susceptible of presenting a visible parallax. He made his observation on the 61st star of the Swan; this group consists of two stars, which like all others improperly called fixed stars, has nevertheless a real motion in space, and performs its revolution in 500 years; the proper motion of one of these stars is 5' 3" per annum, which shews that it really moves through 206 times the space of the radius of the earth's orbit every year, that radius being 34 million leagues. The motion of this star being the most evident of any, M. Arago hoped to be able to discover a sensible parallax, in which he had been disappointed as well in it as in the other connected with its system.

M. Arago also stated to the academy that he was occupied in ascertaining, with greater precision than had been done hitherto, the diameters of the planets; he has already made about 4000 observations, which he promises hereafter to communicate; at present he only states, that hitherto his telescope has not been subject to any sensible irradiation. It has been considered that telescopes presented the planets larger than they are, and this was called irradiation, which Newton estimated at 3 to 4 seconds, which would produce a great error. His first object, therefore, was to examine the irradiation of his telescope, first by Newton's method, but that being difficult, he employed another, and from repeated experiments, he found the irradiation insensible as to terrestrial objects. He then essayed it on one of the satellites of Jupiter, and its shadow, which gave exactly the same diameter. He then essayed his telescope on the planet Venus: he first observed it in the superior conjunction, after which he quintupled the diameter, to have the diameter of the former planet, when at its inferior conjunction it should be nearer to us. If, therefore, in the first observation, the instrument had enlarged the diameter of the planet, the error would be quintupled. Now, the diameter of Venus, at its inferior conjunction, was precisely what M. Arago obtained by calculation, consequently the first observation showed no error; and it is therefore certain that there are telescopes which present no irradiation.

M. Cuvier made his report on the Zoological part of Duperre's expedition, and points out the very great importance of the study of natural history and drawing, in all naval colleges and marine schools, with the art of preparing and preserving objects of natural history; this he considers as calculated greatly to extend the domain of science.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL REPORT FOR JUNE AND JULY.

"—Tyrant heat, disseminating through the sky, With rapid sway, his burning influence darts On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream."

Thomson.

"This is as bad as Bengal," said an Indian friend, as he entered our study, yesterday; steaming at every pore, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, his neckcloth loosely thrown round his neck, and his handkerchief on his forehead, mopping up the perspiration which bedewed it, or rather rolled over it, in goodly round drops. "As bad!"—"Why, sir! it is worse;" conti-

nued he, "and the greatest evil in your cursed climate is the uncertainty of the weather, whether it be hot or cold. Why—look you, sir! to-day the thermometer is at 80° in the shade, and to-morrow it may be down at 40°. Nay, sir! you need not affect surprise—I have seen it. Yes, sir! I have seen summer and winter, like some of the old houses on opposite sides of the narrow streets in your city, kissing one another in the same day. I have been scorched in one hour, frozen in the next;—melted by a vertical sun at noon,—and dried up to a mummy by a north-east wind before sun-set. Can any thing mortal stand these alternations:—man, or beast, or even herb? Impossible sir! impossible. Why, sir! talk of importing the plague, by repealing the quarantine laws! It is unnecessary. If this weather continue, we shall all be destroyed by Yellow-fever, Cholera-morbus, or Dysentery. Never was there a more cursed climate. God help us! God help us!" We allowed our irritable friend to finish his anathema; and, when completely exhausted, he sunk into our old arm chair; his legs stretched out before him, his arms dangling on each side, his mouth open, and his chest heaving with short expirations, like those of a bound who had been fairly run down in the chase.

Although we could not avoid smiling at the absurdity of getting into a passion with the weather, yet, we could not deny the truth of some of his remarks. But, as we cannot change the climate, we resolved to consult our Apollo, how to ameliorate its evils; and will, now, lay the result of the consultation before our readers, explaining to them the effects which such extremely hot weather, as we have lately experienced in the metropolis, must produce on the animal economy; and the best mode of obviating its detrimental consequences.

The first effect of the application of great atmospheric heat to the surface of the body, whether it be the result of artificial means or proceed from the rays of an unclouded summer sun, is an increased action of the superficial or capillary vessels, which, stimulating the nervous fibrils in their vicinity, produces the sensation of heat and a temporary state of fever. This, however, is quickly relieved by perspiration; which, carrying off, in the exhalation of the watery part of the blood, a large portion of the animal heat, generated during the febrile state, is in fact a salutary and cooling process. The thirst, which perspiration promotes, induces an instinctive desire for drink; and, thus, the fluid part of the blood is supplied in the proportion which the quantity of liquid taken into the stomach holds to that thrown off by perspiration. Whilst this balance is maintained, the application of atmospheric heat, even when excessive, does not produce an unhealthy state of the habit.

The second effect of a continued high atmospheric temperature on the body, is increased acrimony of several of the most important secretions from the blood, for example, the saliva, the bile, and the secreted fluid of the kidneys, owing to the diminution in the due quantity of their watery contents. The bile, in particular, is formed in a more concentrated state; and, consequently, besides stimulating the bowels to such an increased movement, as occasionally brings on diarrhoea, owing to the food being hurried from the stomach in a half or imperfectly concocted state; it so over excites the absorbents of the intestines, that they not only take up the usual nutritious part of the food as it passes onwards, but a portion, also, of the bile itself, which, although an excrementitious fluid, yet, is thus thrown again into the blood. The result of this

absorption of bile, of a more than usually acrid character, into the circulation, is a state of habit approaching to that of jaundice. It is followed by a yellow colour of the white of the eye and the skin, accompanied by a tingling sensation on the surface of the body: general restlessness, diminished appetite, a disinclination for bodily exertion and a general torpor of mind. How far the juices of the stomach itself, and of the pancreas, a most important organ in carrying on the process of digestion, are affected by the changes in the functions of the skin induced by a long continued high atmospheric temperature, is not so easily determined: but, that they are deteriorated, by a hurried secretion, is more than probable.

The third effect, the last which we shall notice, of long continued hot weather on the human body, is a general exhaustion of all its powers, both corporeal and mental; and, thence, the inertness and languor peculiar to the natives of the torrid zone.

The general effects of the late, unusually warm weather, have been those which we have just described, as resulting from a long continued action of a high atmospheric temperature on the body. But these have been augmented, in a great degree, by the imprudence of Englishmen in braving every thing which is opposed to their usual habits; in walking about transacting their business under the ardor of the noon-day beam; in wearing nearly the same quantity of clothing as in more temperate weather; and consuming the same quantity of animal diet as in the middle of winter. To those, however, who act differently; who save themselves from much exertion during the heat of the day; walk out in the cool of the evening only, and leave their pillows to inhale the refreshing breath of early morning, this weather is far from being unhealthy. On the contrary, fewer diseases are generated than in cold and damp weather; and those which occur, with a few exceptions, are the consequences of ignorance, or indiscretion, or of a marked pre-disposition. Thus, one of the most usual causes of disease, in very hot weather, is the exposure of the body, bathed in perspiration to a current of cool air, especially when the breeze is from the east or the north-east, the result of which is a sudden check to the perspiration, and the production of fever. The same effect is caused by drinking copiously of cold water, and eating ice too freely whilst the body is perspiring; or exerting, as we have already stated, too much muscular energy in the heat of the sun. Inflammatory fever, therefore, or rather a fever approaching to it in character, Synochal fever, is one of the diseases which is now prevailing. It usually commences with a sense of languor and weariness in the limbs, a disinclination for food, rigors or chilliness over the surface, occurring during the hottest period of the day, nausea, headache, and a quick hard pulse; all of which symptoms increase at night, and are accompanied with sleeplessness and sometimes delirium, particularly in bilious habits. Although this disease sometimes prove fatal, yet it is not, in the majority of cases, a dangerous malady; and yields to the abstraction of blood, and the administration of cooling aperient and diaphoretic medicines. We do not mention this fact, however, with a view to encourage those who are unacquainted with the management of diseases, to prescribe for themselves or others labouring under Synochal fever: for, although the disease will in general yield to a judicious early application of remedies, yet, the best remedial means may be misapplied, and the complaint run on to a fatal issue. It is, however, important that the patient should know, that nothing contributes so much to

recovery in this species of fever, as lying in bed, under the lightest covering, in a well ventilated room, the air in which should be constantly renewed, but without permitting a sensible current of it to pass over the invalid. Cleanliness and a frequent change of linen also, are absolutely requisite; and the diet should consist of light liquid matters; stimulants of every description, and animal food being strictly avoided. When the head is much affected, the hair should be removed, and evaporating lotions, composed of spirit of wine, ether and water applied to the scalp by means of a sponge or of rags soaked in them; or iced water should be applied in the same manner. Our fair country-women, always oppose this part of the treatment; but, we are certain, that were they fully aware of its importance, they would soon cease to place any value on the finest head of hair, the temporary deprivation of which may be the means of saving their lives. Besides the hair generally falls off after these fevers, and seldom grows again as thick as it originally was; whereas, when it is removed by the razor, during the progress of the complaint, it rapidly grows again in all its pristine beauty, on the restoration of health.

Another cause of disease, in very hot summer weather, is the custom of riding out in open carriages during the extreme heat of the sun. This produces an augmented secretion of bile; which, occurring at a moment when the system is relaxed, causes these bilious Diarrhoea which have lately been also prevalent. The quantity of bile secreted under such circumstances is, in some instances, so great, as to regurgitate into the stomach; and, exciting vomiting, to give to this disease the aspect of Cholera morbus. Notwithstanding this effect, it is a complaint requiring very simple treatment, and may be more safely intrusted to domestic medicine than many other diseases which are believed to be less virulent. The chief object is to allay the irritability of the bowels, and to subdue the increased action of the liver; both of which are effected by diluting largely the acrid bile with bland diluents, such as barley-water slightly acidulated, rennet whey, Linseed tea, fresh mint tea, and bitter almond emulsion mixed with mucilage of Quince seeds. Ripe subacid fruits are useful in correcting the diseased action of the liver, and consequently diminishing the discharge of bile. When these means fail, calomel and opiates may be requisite; but, in that case, the domestic management should be discontinued, and medical advice resorted to: for we cannot too frequently repeat the maxim that, as soon as active medicines are required for the removal of disease, from that moment domestic management should cease.

Besides the diseases which we have already noticed, some cases of acute rheumatism, intermittent head-ache, and apoplexy have occurred. Consumption, also, has not only run its course more rapidly than usual, but cases of it have appeared in individuals who were not supposed to be predisposed to the disease; a circumstance which can be attributed only to the frequent incautious exposure to currents of air. The immense quantity of fine dust, also, with which the atmosphere has been loaded may have, certainly, contributed in some part as an exciting cause of this disease during the late hot and dry weather; and thence the necessity for watering the streets as frequently as possible, particularly where they have been Macadamized. To some this idea may appear preposterous; but the fact is well known that persons engaged in trades in which much fine dust is produced, such as the pointing of needles and dry grinding, generally die at an early age, of affections of the lungs; and Dr.

Forlyce recorded his opinion, that the dust of the streets of London, before they were paved and watered, was an extensive cause of pulmonary diseases. But it is in far advanced cases of consumption that hot weather proves most detrimental. In these, the languor and exhaustion produced by the heated state of the atmosphere hurries on the fatal catastrophe; and we have seen one or two cases in which death had taken place without any suspicion of the event on the part of the attendants—

“— without a groan, released,
The soul had passed away.”

The ever varying nature of our climate prevents any general plan for the management of health from being followed, as far as exposure to air, clothing, and diet are concerned. Thus, since we began this short report, the thermometer has sunk nearly twenty degrees, and the wind blows rather chilly from the north-east. The same exposure of the body, therefore, which would have been innocuous and agreeable to the feelings two hours since, would now be hazardous. As during the summer, however, a renewal of hot and oppressive weather may be expected, we would strongly urge our countrymen to alter their habits in one respect; to rise earlier, and transact much of the business of the day before breakfast; which, while it will enable them, by the employment of the morning, to seclude themselves from the fervour of the meridian sun, will prevent that extreme and injurious exhaustion, which is experienced under the existing system; and fit them to enjoy amusement, and benefit by recreation and exercise in the cool of the evening;

“The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre.”

Fas est, et ab hoste discere—is a maxim which applies here. The system which we recommend is practised by our Gallic neighbours, and is worthy of imitation.

FINE ARTS.

PUBLICATIONS IN THE FINE ARTS.

The number of our columns claimed by the many exhibitions open during the season in the metropolis, has entailed upon us a considerable arrears of notices due to new publications in the Fine Arts; which we shall take the repose, now afforded by the termination of most of them, to discharge.

Views in Provence and on the Rhone, engraved by W. B. Cooke, G. Cooke, and J. C. Allen, as Illustrations to an Itinerary on the Rhone, by John Hughes, A. M. Nos. 5 and 6. Published by Cooke, Soho-square.

It may be remembered by some of our readers that when reviewing Mr. Hughes' literary work we mentioned how much we were struck by the taste, spirit, and character of the slight etchings with which he had adorned it. We had hardly before seen such clever amateur performances. From these sketches the present more elaborate and proper publication of art has been produced. It is complete in the six Nos. before us, which contain, in all, 24 plates, of the most varied and picturesque views in Provence and on the Rhone. Several of the subjects are as novel to our graphic collections as they are beautiful in themselves; and the whole are executed in a manner to do credit even to the brothers Cooke, and their not unworthy co-adjutor Allen. The finished drawings from the originals are by Dewint; and we may truly say that the talent of the first selector, Mr. Hughes, the grace of the successor whom he chose to prepare his designs more fully for the burin, and the abilities of the engravers are alike conspicuous in this pleasing and elegant publication.

Forty Engravings. Illustrations of Shakespeare, by Robert Smirke, R. A. Published for the Proprietor, by Hurst and Co. and R. Jennings.

HERE we have a portfolio in itself, the genius of Smirke, assuredly the most appropriate that ever attempted the illustration of Shakespeare, and the executive parts by several artists of first-rate merit.* It would be a long task to dwell on these designs individually; and we shall only specify a few which offer something peculiar for remark. In the Taming of the Shrew (the plate engraved by Finden) we observe a curious coincidence of composition with Leslie's Sancho Panza. Changing the sex of the two principal figures, and placing the male where the female is; in the rest there is a similar arrangement of the domestics, and a very similar expression in their countenances. The nurse in Romeo and Juliet, where Romeo is leaving the ball, is also very near the idea of the Duenna in the same picture. We mean that Leslie has been much indebted to Smirke. Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, the Clown, and Maria, in Twelfth Night, is a happy composition; all the figures are finely grouped, and thrown into good attitudes. The same applies to Trinculo, Caliban, and Ariel in the Tempest. In the Midsummer Dream the comic characters rehearsing are excellent; the play itself, with Lion and Moonshine, rather indifferent. Falstaff and his Recruits, part 1, Henry IV. is another well conceived piece; and we may here observe that it is one of the new plates, a considerable number being now added to the periodical publication (which we noticed as it came out, 1821-2, &c. from Rodwell and Martin), and for the purpose of completing the original plan, of which we so cordially approved. This same Falstaff, however, does not surpass him of the bucking basket, four years ago, though far more of the fat knight than where he is getting Percy upon his back. The whole work displays great versatility of talent and imagination in Mr. Smirke, who has certainly embodied many of Shakespeare's characters more satisfactorily than any other artist. We rejoice to observe also greater variety in the females of the later plates. The engravings are almost uniformly excellent.

Select Views in Greece, by H. W. Williams, Edinburgh, No. 4. Hurst and Co. Constable and Co.

Or the earlier numbers of this work we spoke in terms of almost unmix'd praise; and if we feel ourselves obliged to qualify it a little on the present occasion, we trust it will only have the effect of stimulating the artist to finish his task with the same care and ability with which he began it. His exquisite pencil must not fall off from its high and justly won honours. The mountains of Epirus, as seen from near Parga, the first plate in this number is decidedly bad. In fact, it is almost a misnomer, for the picture is of a merchant vessel, with hills in the distance which might be called by any name. The vessel itself is out of drawing, out of perspective, and out of proportion. So much so that the steps in the shrouds must be seven or eight feet asunder. The Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens, is much better; but even here the real lightning is an absurd illustration of a poetical image. The Gulph of Lepanto is on the contrary very interesting, and treated in an interesting manner. The Castle of Patras is good, the Acropolis Athens fine, and the Theatre of Atticus Herodes beautiful.

* Namely: Armstrong, Corbould, Davenport, Edwards, Engleheart, two Findens, Greatbatch, Heath, Lane, Jas. Mitchell, Postbury, Pye, Rolis, Romney, Smith, and J. H. Watt.

No. 1. Engraved Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy. By John and Henry Le Keux, after drawings by Aug. Pugin, Architect. The literary part by J. Britton, F. S. A. &c.

THE combination of talents in this title page, was of promise enough to pique curiosity; and we opened No. 1. with high expectations. It is the beginning of a work of science; by which, Architecture must be much benefitted. The style is the same as in Pugin's admired specimens of the Gothic; and we may anticipate that both artists and those who build according to their own tastes, will reap much instruction from these accurate representations, as will tend greatly to our future improvement in a branch of art where a wide sphere is yet offered for advancing towards perfection, and even towards the skill of our ancestors. Let us look, for example, to the very time at which we make these remarks; a time when the architects of London seem to have such ample scope for the exercise of their talents, in the erection of whole streets of houses, porticoes, and colonnades. A valuable correspondent* (several months ago,) called our attention to one of their radical defects to which, in conjunction with their predecessors of all ages since the period of the lower empire, they appear to be obstinately attached. Observé (said he,) the practice of "putting square stones under their pillars and pilasters, which are called pedestals or plinths, and were probably introduced during the middle ages to give height to columns and pilasters at a time when marble was scarce, and single blocks of good size were not easily to be had. It is only necessary to see the effect produced by pillars resting with round bases on a basement or unbroken line of wall, to be convinced of the advantage they have over those of which the line is broken by separate square blocks—in fact, the most beautiful buildings in Rome and Athens were so constructed, as for example the Corinthian Temple of the Sybil at Tivoli, the Ionic Temple of Fortuna Virilis at the former city, or that of Minerva Polias at the latter; and indeed, the modern building just finished, which commences at No. 132, in Regent-street, although disfigured by the irregular distances at which the pillars are placed from each other, and by the sorts of square boxes on the top of the entablature, need only be compared with its neighbours where pillars with plinths are used, in order to satisfy the eye of the most indifferent spectator as to their difference in point of beauty. Yet, though modern architects in general seem to have studiously avoided giving an exact imitation of a Roman or rather Grecian temple, in the buildings which they have had to erect where such imitation was admissible, and rather choose a composite of their own, they have remained attached to the plinth with a perseverance truly astonishing; and, it may be believed, chiefly from habit or rather imitation of others who had done so before them. It may, however, only be necessary to awaken the attention of the public to the great increase of beauty which a building derives from leaving all such unnecessary breaks in the basement, in order to produce a change in this respect, and a more original attention to what art requires, instead of a servile copying, in one climate, of what can only be necessary (and from its necessity, eligible) in another.

The University Club-house built by Gandy, or Gandy and Wilkins, is in the good taste here recommended. The pillars are Ionic, and stand on their own bases, as those of Athens and of the Temple of Fortuna Virilis do, propped up by no plinths or square stones; the whole too is

* Under the signature of Britannicus.

in due proportion. Another building that strikes the eye of a stranger on his arriving in London, is the range of houses erected on the site where Richmond-house once stood. The architect's name is, I believe, Harrison, (not he who built the jail and county-court house at Chester) in which, though the room be handsome from its pillars, yet no one at a little distance can hear the pleadings. Much money, undoubtedly, was not allowed to be spent on the Richmond buildings, but it is a mass that pleases, from the just proportion of every part and the good taste of every ornament that is about it. I could mention many more houses which merit notice, but I cannot at this moment recollect any that are so faultless as these, though I may hereafter revert to the subject. I will only add now that some good might be done if the proprietors of certain buildings, such as Warren's Hotel, and others of the same description, could be prevailed upon to pare away the corners of the alternate stones of which the pillars of their porticoes are fancifully composed, and put an additional flag or two between the plinths, so as to make all level at the base.

These, it is true, are merely particulars, but it is from particulars we ascend to generals; and really no man of sound taste and judgment can look at the majority of the erections in and about the metropolis, within the last twenty years, without feeling that they are more like crude efforts at a dawning of science, than works of which science may be proud only fifty years hence. We approve of them because they have changed nuisances into spacious places: but the next generation, if architecture advances as we hope it will, will laugh at the abortions and follies of their fathers.

To conclude this episode, we have merely to repeat that these engraved specimens are well calculated to hasten the period of a better style.

Hakewill's Picturesque Tour of Jamaica, VI. These drawings, which afford a good idea of West India scenery, continue to deserve the commendation which we originally bestowed on them. No. VII. containing three more coloured plates, completes the work.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Would I were on the tempest's wings
Careering in its angriest hour;
I would I were the bird that sings
'Love—love,' unto a lonely flower;
I would I were the stream that runs—
The bed where once a river ran—
The ice that scorns a thousand suns—
Or any—any thing but man.
I would I were the forest brute,
For he loves somewhat in his den;
The dog by nature stricken mute,
Whose only fault is truth to men;
Ay, even the low long-scorned snake,
For he hath poison for his foes;
Or sloth who moveth, half awake,
From life to death, in drear repose.
What is there in this world of ours
(Which we still dare to call our own)
Can match the breath of summer flowers,
Or mate the wander'd cuckoo's tone?
What is there—save this working brain—
That laboureth through its toil unblest,
Which liveth midst remorse and pain
And dieth if soe'er it rest? B.

OTIOSA ETERNITAS.

Idle Eternity,
(Who for aye doth musing lie
In her cave beside the sun)
Saw the new world just begun,

Fashioned like a dream of air
Swelling into something fair,—
Like the pure and rolling snow,
Or the bubbles which ye blow,—
Save that, as the Earth-born spread
And struggled in her shapeless bed,
Some Divinity did send her
Beauty, to assuage her pain,
And shook down his starry rain,
Whose unutterable splendour
So amazed her as she lay,
That she started into Day.

C.

MUSIC.

By the publication of the sixth volume of his Collection of the Songs of Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and other eminent Lyric Poets, Mr. Thomson of Edinburgh has recently completed* the very beautiful work, for the preceding parts of which the public have been from time to time so much obliged to him. These volumes contain, besides the choicest pieces of his Scottish, Welsh, and Irish folio, above fifty additional melodies and songs; and in that volume which has just appeared, there are no fewer than eight harmonized by Beethoven. The engravings in it are by Stothard and Allan; the former has a stout, thick-legged design of "Scots who haw Wallace bled," by way of vignette; but also a feeling composition for "Kind Robin lo'es me," in his best manner;—and the latter, a pretty, simple illustration of the sweet ballad of "Ettrick Banks," and a humorous touch at the reel of "Tulloch Gorum."

With regard to the literary and musical merits of these compositions, we have little to add to the eulogies we have before bestowed. It was to Mr. Thomson's suggestions that we owe so many of Burn's exquisite songs; of those songs which, for simplicity, nature, and pathos, have no equals in the productions of any one lyricist that ever breathed. Having gone thus far, it was no easy task to find allies worthy of being associated with so fine a genius; but Mr. Thomson has greatly succeed, and the whole remains a noble specimen of that class of poetry to which it is dedicated, and of music appropriate to such poetry. In short, we consider these volumes to be eminently entitled to a foremost place in those circles, where the sweetness of melody is loved more than the extravagance of combining sounds and wonderful mechanical execution on the instrument. In family and friendly society they must ever be preferred; but they are not for the fire-side and homely party alone—they will charm the elegant assemblage, render the drawing-room delightful, and extort applause even from the mere amateur.

* We say so hypothetically—for the preface only states that it is *probably* the last volume.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Pons, the able director of the Observatory at Marseilles, and the discoverer of several comets, has been appointed to the office of director, &c. at Florence, by the Arch-duke of Tuscany, Leopold II.

Spontini, of whose Opera of *Alcador*, performed at Berlin, our musical critic spoke a fortnight ago, is about to visit Paris. Previous to his leaving Berlin, the King of Prussia wrote him a very flattering letter, and presented him with one of the golden medals struck in honour of the marriage of his daughter, the "Princess of the Pays-Bas."

The Russian frigate *Kruiser*, Capt. LAZAROFF, which sailed from Portsmouth in November, 1822, on a voyage of discovery, touched at that port on her return about a week ago. She has visited Van Diemen's Land, Otaheite, and went high up the North Pacific Ocean.

THE DRAMA of the past week has presented little of novelty, though several pieces are immediately forthcoming at the Haymarket and English Opera House. At the former, Mrs. Gibbs has joined the comic corps, and with Harley, adds to the respectable force before in the field.

Among new works of art on hand, we hear that Mr. Allan is engaged on a historical subject in the reign of Elizabeth, for Dr. Meyrick, one of whose ancestors figured on the occasion.

The statue of the famous Vendéen leader, the Marquis de Beauchamps, has been forwarded to its destination, to adorn his tomb at St. Florent-le-Vieux. Hither his ashes also are to be translated, and a grand inaugural ceremony be performed.

The *Improved Thaumatrope*,—Half-a-crown's worth of cards, with figures on each side, which being twirled by a string, unite the figures in grotesque association. Thus an ass on one side, and a chimney-sweeper on the other, become, in consequence of the motion, a sweep galloping on a donkey. Of this sublime invention, we gave an account when it was first made known to the world: the present is a sequel, with more of caricature in character, to the original; and we have only to notice, that it bids fair to be remembered as long as the kaleidoscope, though a far inferior toy.

To —

I hate to see thy vain pretence,
To all the flowers of eloquence,
As boldly on thou ranst,
Tho' perhaps, thou still may please the crowd,
With gesture bad, and language loud,
Since *serene* alone thou wantest.
Friend Richard drunk, or sober, is
A very different fellow;
When sober he's a cautious quiz,
A pleasant chap when mellow.
You ask me which "I should prefer?"
Depends upon the end;
Sober, if for a *serpent*, sir,
But drunk, if for a *friend*.

S. L.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

M. X. de Maistre, author of the *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, has recently published a work entitled "La Jeune Sibérienne et les Prisonniers du Caucase," in 3 vols. 8vo. at Paris.

M. Emile Baraten's "Fie Anecdoteque of the Duc d'Angoulême," has been translated into Spanish, and published at Madrid by Don Lorenzo y Pradillo. "What Spauldard (says he in his preface) but must read with the tenderest interest and gratitude a book in which is traced in so vivid a manner the acts of courage, piety, and clemency of a Prince, the liberator of his country."

A Count de Paoli-Chagry has published "La Napoléonade," a poem of 12 or 15,000 lines. It seems a ridiculous work, if we may judge by such quotations as the following:—

"Guerreroi était sa manie:
Il battit, il valaquit, fut battu, fut vaincu."
[An imitation of the *venit, vidi, vici*!]
"Mais il avait le goût des somptuosités;
Il avait le goût des maîtresses;
Il fallait de l'argent pour payer les caresses
De ces postiches majestés."
A peine est-il entre dans son dixième lustre,
Que d'une grande armée il est fait commandant;
Il la trouve sans pain, sans soulers, sans argent;
Il Penage à marcher."

The army is victorious, the vanquish'd beg for mercy, and this is the reply.

"Tous nos soldats sont sans colottes;
Il leur faut donner des caottes;
Il faudra pour nos généraux
Bonne table et quelques caucans;
Des vins de la plus fine espèce,
Non de ceux qu'on boit à la messe,
Mais de ceux des meilleurs caucans,
Comme en boivent les cardinaux."

The Messrs. Baudouin, at Paris, have announced the publication, in four volumes, of the "Historical essays, Oeuvres of Walter Scott," with a map of Scotland, and Essay on the *Romances*. This is an ingenious idea, and in French hands will probably throw an equal light upon our history, and the novels of the Great Unknown.

Mr. T. Koscoe announces, in a series of six volumes, "The German Novels," from the earliest period down

to the present time; and to be printed uniform with his Italian Novelists.

The very learned and celebrated Crenzer, Professor of Greek in the University of Heidelberg, having received from Mr. Taylor, the Platonist, some of his works, sent him the following Greek letter, which is written in a the true ancient epistolary style. The letter was also accompanied by a present from the Professor of a copy of his edition of Cicero de Legibus.

Κρενζήριος Ταυώρην τῷ Πλατωνικῷ,
ἐὺ πρᾶττεν.
Τὰ μὲν παρὰ σοῦ ἐλθόντα ὅρα Σανραστῆς
ὡς ἀμεινός λαβὼν σὺ δὲ παρ' ἡμοῦ λαβὲ
τοῦτο τὸ ἐγγέλστατον ἀντιδῶρον. Ἐβρῶσο.
i. e. Crenzer to the Platonist Taylor.

I received the gifts that came from you with no less admiration than delight, and I request you to accept from me this most grilling remuneration. Farewell.

A Cottage Bible, dedicated by permission to the Bishop of Salisbury (a guarantee for its orthodoxy), is about to be published in two 8vo. vols. of which the first is to appear forthwith.

"Elements of Physiology," by Professor Rudolph, of Berlin, Part I, comprising General Physiology, complete in 1 vol. 8vo. translated from the German by Wm. Dunbar How, M.D., and "A Translation of the Six Chapters of Klapotock's Messiah," in verse, are announced.

Among the forthcoming Print novelties, we observe one of high interest to the sporting world, namely Portraits of the Winners of the Great St. Leger Stakes, for the last ten years.

"A Dissertation (with details) on the Coventry Pageants and Mysteries; to which are added the Sharmen and Tailor's Pageant, &c." is announced by Thomas Sharp. A history of the earliest dramatic entertainments in England has long been a desideratum, and this cannot fail to be a curious, we trust it will be a valuable publication.

"A Poetic Garland," resembling the Garland of Julia, by the Duc de Montausier, is among the novelties announced to us; with figures from the Botanic Garden.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Manchester Socinian Controversy, 8vo. 5s.—Tamlyn on Terms of Years, 8vo. 9s.—Watson on Arbitration, 8vo. 15s.—Mangham's Law of Attorneys, 8vo. 15s.—Impey's Questions on the Practice of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, 8vo. 12s.—Townsend's New Testament, arranged chronologically, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Trimmer's Life, 8vo. new edition, 12s.—Kett's Elements, 8th edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Brewster's Meditations to the Aged, 4th edition, 12mo. 5s.—Trimmer's Natural History, 2 vols. 32mo. 7s.—Boccaccio II Decamerone da Ugo Foscolo, 3 tomes, crown 8vo. with plates, by Stothard, 21. 12s. 6d.; large paper, 41. 1s. 6d.—Illustrations to ditto separate, 8vo. 41. 4s. 2d.—India proofs, 31.—Oberlin Tacitus, 4 vols. 8vo. 21. 5s.—Platonis Phædo a Bekker, 8vo. 9s.—Rupert's Notes to Tacitus, 8vo. 12s.—Walton's Angler, 4mo. 6s.—Burrow's Conchology, new edition, 8vo. 16s.—Hill's Sermon on the Death of Mrs. Adams, 12s.—Southey's Tale of Paragony, with Westall's designs, 12mo. 10s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

* * * Omitted last time.
Wednesday, 20th, from 54 to 82.5; from 30.22 to 30.20
July.
Thursday 21 from 53 to 71 30.50 to 30.18
Friday 22 . . . 44 — 73 30.16 — 30.17
Saturday 23 . . . 46 — 67 30.00 — 29.98
Sunday 24 . . . 41 — 70 30.03 — 30.14
Monday 25 . . . 48 — 75 30.20 — 30.22
Tuesday 26 . . . 48 — 70 30.22 — 30.24
Wednesday 27 . . . 43 — 72 30.00 — 30.00
Wind N. and N. E. Mornings generally overcast, the rest of the day clear. A smart shower of rain fell in the afternoon of the 24th, measuring .0125 of an inch.
* This extreme of cold, when compared with that of heat noticed in the last Number, is deserving a particular remark.
Spots on the Sun.—Two new clusters of solar spots have made their appearance on the Sun's disc, well deserving the attention of those who possess telescopes: the one for its number and magnitude—the other for its position, being in an unusually high northern latitude.
Edinburgh. C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As Mr. J. Clerc Smith seems to have more time to be troublesome than we have to notice him, he may pay himself for his past exertions with the grat in offers to pay our collector, provided he call for it. This is poor rubbish to occupy any part of our Paper with; but this person is angry because we disapproved of an enmial letter being sent to us, the matter of which was of private and not of public interest. We will assert, without fear of contradiction, that no perfect publication was ever conducted on more liberal principles than the Literary Gazette; but without caring for the hundreds of pounds which our misapprehensions cost us, we will not consent to be made the silent losers of twopenny by folly and inattention.

Mr. Maund's letter, though dated 16th July, did not reach our publisher till the 23d.

W. G. M. would be well enough as part of a longer poem; but there is no distinct point for a dozen lines.

ADVERTISEMENT

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall—Close of the present Exhibition.—The Gallery, with a selection of Pictures by living Artists of the English School, is open daily, from ten in the Morning until six in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday the 13th of August.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.
The Subscribers to the *Pictorial* from Mr. Watt's Picture of "Our Saviour healing the Sick in the Temple," who have not received their impressions, may receive them upon payment of the remainder of their subscriptions at the British Institution, daily.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF A NEW SERIES OF THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, will be published on the 1st of AUGUST. Price 6s.

Contents:—I. Milton's newly discovered Theological Works.—II. Letter in answer to the French of Clement Marot.—III. Horace Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford, and the Rev. H. Vouch.—IV. The Corn Laws.—V. Anatomical Artists.—VI. History of the Cavalier Bayard.—VII. Irish Novels.—VIII. Letter to a Student of Political Economy.—IX. An Evening Walk.—X. The Ricciardetto of Fortiguari.—XI. The Love Charm, from the German of Tieck, with a subjoined notice of that Writer.—XII. Letters from the French of Clement Marot.—XIII. Theatrical Biography and History.—XIV. Stanzas.—XV. Private Bills of the Session of 1835.—XVI. Wright's Solutions of the Cambridge Problems.—XVII. French Travels in England. London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall Mall East; and G. B. Whittaker, Ave-Marie-lane.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for AUGUST, will contain, among various other interesting Articles:—I. Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II.—II. Milton's newly discovered Treatise on Christian Doctrine.—III. Bar Orator.—IV. Letters from the East, No. XVII. Jerusalem.—V. Critique on Female Beauty, by H. Vouch.—VI. Thompson Papers, No. III.—VII. London Letters to Correspondents.—VIII. The King's Bench and its inmates.—IX. An Appeal from the Court of the French of Clement Marot.—X. Second Letter of Mr. Mark Higginbotham.—XI. The Greek Woman.—XII. London Lyrics: the two Sisters.—XIII. Records of Woman, No. 1.—XIV. Castles.—XV. Arguments.—XVI. Science, the Drama, Biography, Politics, Commerce, &c. &c. Published and sold by Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington-street, (removed from Conduit-street) London, and Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin; and may be extorted to Friends Abroad, by application to the General Post Office, or any local Office.

LONDON MAGAZINE, new Series, No. VIII.

Contents for August, 1835:—I. The Modern Athens.—II. The Late Edition of the Quarterly Review.—III. The Opera: Vallotti.—IV. Moralities, No. 2. The way to Conquer.—V. Broder's System for the Cure of Impediments of Speech, by a Pupil.—VI. Spanish Religion: Tournefort's Houses on Fire.—IX. Wines, No. 1. The Wines of England, Germany, Russia, the Cape, &c.—X. Harbours: Canada.—XI. Review: Pichol's Voyage en Angleterre et Ecosse.—XII. Chess: Review of Studies of Chess.—XIII. Letters from Paris, by Grimm's Grandson, No. 3.—XIV. Ode to the Author of the "Improvements, and other Poems"—XV. On Fashion.—XVI. Review: Tales of the Crusades.—XVII. Imperfect Dramatic Illustration, by Ellis.—XVIII. The French of Clement Marot.—XIX. Three Original unpublished Letters of Dr. Franklin, together with Books projected, published, &c. Dramatic Register, Cambridge and Oxford University Intelligence, Prices of Canal and other Shares, Stocks, Bibles, Warrington, Deaths, &c. &c. Published by Hunt and Clarke, 35, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, are respectfully informed,

that the First Number of a New Series of that Work will appear on the 1st of August, price 6s. The greater portion of the Original Contributors, with a considerable accession of writers distinguished in their several walks of literature, will support this revival of an undertaking which received so large a share of encouragement. The New Series will, without necessarily adopting the conventional form of a Review, be in great part devoted to literary disquisition in its most comprehensive sense, embracing a particular notice of Foreign Literature, and including, occasionally, articles of humour and imagination, and of classical and historical interest. The Quarterly Magazine will also contain papers upon those permanent and general questions affecting the Public Weal, which at the present day are so interwoven with the intellectual energy of the nation. With this combination of objects and of ability, it is confidently hoped that the Quarterly Magazine may take its place among those works which have a permanent influence upon the public mind, and that it may adequately represent the active, enlightened, and liberal character of the present times.

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A Catalogue of the most approved School Books, used in public and private Education.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW, for AUGUST 1, price 4s. 6d. published this day, contains Notices of the Troubadour, by L. E. L.—Dugan's Commercial Power of Goya Britain—Milton's newly discovered Work on the Christian Doctrine—Fraser's Travels in Persia—Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes—Tremaine—Mrs. Barrow's Works, &c. &c. Printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.

LABEL IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Notwithstanding the fallacies with which the Daily Paper have reported the speech of Mr. Scarsdale, in the case of "Buckingham versus Murray," for a Label in the Quarterly Review, so many inaccuracies have unavoidably crept into most of them particularly in the names of ancient and modern places visited districts traversed, and routes pursued by the plaintiff, in the course of his overland journey from Egypt to India, that it is thought desirable to publish a more exact report of the proceedings than it is possible to prepare in the short period between the rising of the Court and the hour of closing the communications for the daily press. It is also an act of justice due to Mr. Murray, to place on his record in some convenient and accessible form, the abandonment of all justification, the simple apology tendered, and the real verdict voluntarily submitted to by him. The Review, as printed by its printer, desires to restore, by this concession, the unfounded calumnies on the character of Mr. Buckingham, which his Review had unfortunately been the channel of conveying to the world. For this purpose, a verbatim report, prepared by a short-hand writer of competent talent will be inserted in *The Oriental Herald* for the ensuing month of August; and it is to be hoped that the reputation will be made complete by the record of the trial, in the least of this long pending case, in the pages of the Quarterly Review itself, so that the antiquity may in future be found on the shelves of every public and private library.

The *Oriental Herald* is published monthly, price 5s. by Sandford Arnold, at 33, Old Broad-street, to whom all orders for copies required to be delivered by the 10th of the month, and to be addressed. Orders from the Country should be transmitted through the nearest Provincial Booksellers, through all of whom the *Oriental Herald* may be ordered.

The Indispensable Companion of every Lover of Flowers. On the 1st day of August, 1835, will be published, in folio, 4to. at 1s. and in post 2s. at 1s. 6d. No. 7, of the

BOTANICAL GARDEN; or, Magazine of Hardy Flower Plants, cultivated in Great Britain; and a succeeding number will be published on the first day of every month, containing four coloured Figures, with the scientific and English names; the Linnæan class and order, and Jussieuian natural order to which they belong; the native country; date of introduction, or known cultivation; height; time of flowering, and duration—whether annual, biennial, or perennial; the medicinal or other qualities of such as are used in medicine, domestic practice, or the arts; the most approved mode of propagation and culture; and reference to a botanical description of each plant; together with any other physiological phenomena observed in this beautiful part of the creation.

By B. MAUND.
"We introduce this publication to the notice of each of our readers as one hitherto unexampled in its merits with infinite satisfaction. The object is to combine useful information with the greatest botanical accuracy, at the least possible price, and we think the Author has completely fulfilled his intentions. The plates lie in spirit of execution and accuracy of delineation with many of the best productions of the pencil of Swearer, and the directions for the use and general history of the plants are written in a clear and concise style."

Critical Gazetteer, June 1835.

New Work on Diseases of the Skin.—In 8vo. 1s.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON DISEASES OF THE SKIN. By N. MURPHY, M.D. &c. &c.

Section I. Comprehends the Description and Best Method of Treatment of those Diseases which most affect and disfigure the Face, together with Scars, Scalds, &c.—These which depend on Debility—3. Grains most prevalent in Spring, those of Infancy, and those which excite a salutary influence on the system—4. Chronic, or Scaly Diseases, as Lepra, &c.—5. The Itch, Mercantile Eruptions, &c.

N. B. The above work includes the substance of the Essay for which the Author received the Jacksonian Prize, from the College of Surgeons.

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Master of the Academy, Hford, Essex.

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